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UNREST.

The spring's unrest the blossom swells,
'Tis in the wistful winds confessed,
And deep in hearts of men it dwells—
The spring's unrest.
It wakes anew the old, sweet quest
Of secrets summer never tells,
In dreams alone made manifest.
How strong the magic of these spells,
That breathe from earth's awakening breast!
Not even thy touch, dear love, dispels
The spring's unrest.

Evelyn G Sutherland in The Cosmopolitan.

SMITH'S FIREWORKS.

We were all in the smoking room of an Atlantic steamer and had sighted land that morning. After dark the steamer had flung into the heavens some skyrockets to announce her arrival to the lonely man at the lighthouse. We thought that this would remind Smith of something. Everything that happened generally did. When we were settled again in the smoking room Smith said:

"That reminds me of"——

[Cries of "Hear hear," "thought it would," etc., etc.]

Smith did not heed the interruption. He was on his way to England to buy goods. He had told more stories than any one else on board, and was generally looked up to as our most accomplished liar.

"It reminds me of a little fireworks display I had myself on the plains over so many years ago. You see at that time I was keeping a general store out in one of the frontier settlements. Trade was principally with the cowboys, and right good customers they were, too. Easy to get along with, when they weren't drunk, and then all you had to do was to give 'em the earth. That was all they wanted, that and their own way. Next week they would come back sober and pay for the damage without a grumble. They never cared what they paid for a thing as long as it suited them, and in that they differed from the eastern customers I have now."

"Yes, but how about the fireworks?"

"Oh, I'm coming to that. About the 1st of May—a lovely day it was, too—snow and rain and then sleet and snow again—a typical May day for that district, a cowboy from England rode up and"——

"From England?"

"Why, yes. In every sense of the word. There was a ranch a couple of days' travel from my place that we called 'England.' It was owned by an English company, and most of the boys were from England. I guess the majority of them didn't care to go back, either, for one reason and another. Some of them were Oxford and Cambridge men—at least so I was told. I'm not a college man myself, although you may have thought so."

Murmurs of astonishment, during which Smith filled up his pipe again and took "an observation," as he called it, from the glass on the table.

"Well, he swung off his horse and said to me 'Smith,' says he, 'Do you know anything about fireworks?'

"'Not much,' says I, 'except the kind you fellows give us on Saturday nights, and the sort Maloney keeps at ten cents a glass.'

"'Well,' says he, 'we want to have a bang up display at the ranch on the night of the 24th.'

"'Twenty-fourth of what?' says I, 'you mean the Fourth of July, don't you?'

"'You bet we don't, although if this is a success we will have one then, too. The 24th of May is the queen's birthday, and we are going to celebrate it this year out at the ranch. Now, we don't care what it costs, we want it done right. Can you order a lot of fireworks?'

"'I can order anything, if you fellows say you'll pay for it.'

"'All right. Here's $500 on account, now you go ahead. Sky rockets, pin wheels, red fire, Roman candles, bombs and all the rest of it. Besides we want a couple of barrels full of squibs.'

"'Squibs?' says I, 'what's them?'

"'Well, fire crackers, I think they call 'em here. Do you know how to set 'em off?'

"'Not a thing. Light 'em with a match, don't you?'

"'I fancy so, but we want this thing done right, and don't you forget it. Where will you get 'em from?'

"'Chicago.'

"'All right; tell them to send along a tenderfoot who's posted on that sort of thing. We want a first class display. We'll pay all his expenses and use him white. He'll have the biggest time he ever had. You come out with him and show him the way, and we'll use you white, too.'

"Well, on about the 20th along came the Chicago man with the ammunition in a lot of boxes and barrels. We loaded 'em up on burros and off we started for the ranch. The boys had been in, off and on, to see that there would be no hitch in the thing, and the night the things came two of the cowboys came in, and they said they would see us through to the camp, for there were rumors of Indians about, and we didn't want to lose our scalps. We kept a sharp lookout all that day, but saw nothing of any redskins. In fact, we did not really have any fears for 'em, anyhow, so near the settlement, and we camped out the first night feeling easy. We ought to have known that that was just when we might have expected them, but the boys were careless, and they had taken on board a good deal of liquor at the settlement, and had more with 'em. In fact, whisky was to form a good part of the celebration, and they had a lot with 'em.

"It was about midnight when I woke up, hearing a big yell, and before I could turn around I was tied so tight I couldn't move. The Chicago man was dreadfully frightened, but I don't know that he was any more scared than we were, for we knew better'n he did just what was waiting for us. The cowboys were sobered up, now that they were tied with their own lassoes so that they couldn't budge.

"They tied us onto our burros, and at daylight they moved on for the mountains, keeping down the hollows as well as they could. This day was the 24th, and we had expected to get into camp that evening. When one of the cowboys got near me he whispered:

"'Our only chance is to let 'em know some way that we have a lot of whisky with us, and then they'll all get drunk and we'll have a chance of getting away.'

"'Don't you bet on that,' I says; 'some of 'em will keep sober enough to keep us all right, tied as we are.'

"'Tied!' says the cowboy. 'I can slip out of this tie the moment I want to. No Indian can tie me up. I used to travel with a spiritualist company and am up to the tieing game.'

"Well, we camped that night four or five miles north of the ranch, but in a hollow where we were out of sight. They didn't light a fire, and we knew there was little chance of the boys finding us, although we expected they would all be on the lookout. The cowboy motioned to his guard that he wanted to get at a bag that was on one of the burros and the Indian opened it for him. It was full of jugs packed in prairie grass. There was great excitement in camp when the Indians found the whisky.

But it was just as I said; four of 'em stayed as sober as judges and kept the rest quiet. Still they could not resist the temptation to take a swig or two, and all were pretty sleepy. About 10 o'clock—and it was mighty dark, too—the cowboy rolled over once or twice and got near me.

"'Where's the tenderfoot?' he whispered.

"'Right here,' I said.

"'See here, Chicago, what package is them firecrackers in?'

"'The two barrels are full of them,' whispered the Chicago man.

"'Can we get the head off one of 'em without making a noise?'

"'What do you want to do? Set 'em off?'

"'You bet. I'm going to make these Indians think a regiment has jumped in on them with repeating rifles.'

"'Well, you can't get the head off the barrel very easy, but if you can get alongside of one of them, you can cut between the staves with a knife and break a package inside and get the end of the fuse out, then touch it off with a match. Then you want to get away from that barrel mighty quick.'

"'Do you think the boys will hear it in camp when it goes off, supposing the Indians don't scare?'

"'Hear it? Lord, they'll hear it in Chicago a still night like this. In the inside of that barrel there's some cannon bombs that will fill the sky and lots of rockets besides. Some of them will go up a mile.'

The cowboy rolled away gradually and it seemed two hours before there were any indications. He had cut our ropes before he left so that if the barrel bounded near us we could get out of the way.

All at once I saw a faint glow as if a match had been struck and one of the Indians jumped to his feet, but without making any outcry. The next instant it was simply Hades broke loose.

There was one eternal rip, and then as if 10,000 men were firing off revolvers all at once. That barrel danced all over the camp like a whirlwind of fire and then a bomb went off and burst it into a thousand fragments. It looked as if the earth had gone to pieces. All the camp was a seething mass of fiery snakes. The rockets shot into the air and skimmed along the ground and seemed bursting away up and all round the horizon, bombs went like cannon and showers of fire were falling like rain. Every animal in the place stampeded and scattered in all directions. The Indians? I don't know what became of them. I never saw one of them again. We heard some awful yells above the racket, but they were ten miles away before the din subsided.

Shortly after the show was over we heard the yells of the cowboys, and soon a score or more came dashing down on us. They thought at first we had done it all as a surprise to the camp, but I guess we surprised the Indians more. We found the other cowboy all tied up lying on his face. Dead? Bless you, no. He slept right through it all, and growled when we kicked him awake. A little thing like that don't disturb the sleep of a cowboy when he sets out to have a comfortable snooze.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

Lucy Larcom's Teaching Days.

"What was the most remarkable thing that happened in the log school?"

"I am afraid you will scarcely believe it," she answered, with a merry shake of her head. "It was the flight of a girl up the chimney. I had made her sit on the empty fireplace as a punishment, and to put her so far away from the other children that she could not make them partners in her untimely frolics. She sat demure and shy at first. But there was a magnificent imp spirit in her. It snapped in her black eyes, and rippled in faint twitches at the ends of her red mouth. She gradually drew herself nearer the open flue, and before I could catch my breath she had seized some jutting bits of timber, lifted herself up, and a pair of flying heels disappearing through the chimney hole was the last we saw of her that day."

"Did you make her come back the same way, a la Mephisto?" inquired Mrs. Sherman.

"Oh, no. We were glad to get her back any way we could. We could not spare a girl of such possibilities."

"Had you any difficulty with the boys—the big fellows?"

Miss Larcom's face clouded. "Not serious trouble. I—yes, it is too bad to have to own it—made them go and get the rods that helped teach them. I had to make one strapping rail splitter acknowledge that I was his master, and he was a good friend ever afterward."

"I suppose you underwent a severe examination?"

"I had to raise my right hand and swear that I was able to teach the three R's and a good many other things. There was an examination also, but the swearing went a long way. It did not amount to much, however, in getting the salary promptly. It was necessary to go to another county to get it. The amount was $40 for three months."—Chicago Tribune.

Are Athletes Good Students?

Much prejudice is often manifested against intercollegiate contests, as it is claimed that they are detrimental to good scholarship. In order to discover the real state of the case, a thorough examination was recently made at Cornell university of the records of all the men who had engaged in intercollegiate contests since the opening of the institution. The result showed that the average scholarship for the year of each man who had rowed on the crews was 70 per cent., that of the ball players 73, and that of the track athletes 76, a standing of 70 per cent. being necessary for graduation. Fifty-four per cent. of all these men graduated, which is 7 per cent. above the university rate of graduation. The baseball and track athletes graduated 34 per cent. of their number, with an honorable standing (80 per cent), which is about in the same proportion as the university rate. Very few of the crew men, however, graduated with honors.

In physical development the reverse order was found to hold, the crew men coming first, the baseball players next and the track athletes last. The total average was considerably above that of the university. The results would seem to show that intercollegiate contests, when kept within reasonable limits, do not interfere with the general scholarship of educational institutions, and this is the attitude which the presidents of Cornell have always held toward the subject.—New York Tribune.

A Queen of the Congo.

Dr. Wolf says that while he was ascending the great Sankuru affluent of the Congo a number of the wild Bassongo-Mino, who had never before seen a white man, suddenly popped up out of the bushes one day, and aimed their arrows at the visitors as their steamer was approaching the shore only about a rod away. He says he has no doubt that the next instant a volley of arrows would have poured into the little crowd on deck had not a woman in the dress of a native queen suddenly leaped among the throng of savages, struck to the ground the bow of one man who was just ready to let his missile fly, and in a tone of authority bade the rest of the crowd to unbend their weapons and also their warlike front. The brief command and cautionary gesture of this picturesque female had a magical effect upon her warrior subjects, who relaxed their bows and grinned sheepishly at the pale faces, who were nervously beginning to finger their revolvers.—Boston Transcript.

To Be Expected.

A Connecticut firm is making ink out of green apples. We suppose, of course, it will make a man's writing look cramped.—Yonkers Statesman.

Of Greater Value.

Chicago Citizen (to lawyer)—Why do you charge me $200 for a divorce, Mr. Blank? It only cost me $5 to get married.

Lawyer—Why do you pay $200 for a diamond and $5 for a Rhine stone?—New York Sun.

No Interest in Archery.

Reports from England of the futile efforts made to revive interest in archery show how thoroughly dead the noble pastime is. Of course, that settles the question of its popularity in this country.—Chicago Herald.

TRINIDAD'S CHIEF INDUSTRY.

Culture of the Cacao Tree—Gathering the Seeds for Market.

It is worth a little delay here to study what is fast becoming what will in the near future be the chief industry of the colony. Wiser than our Barbadian friends and more fortunate in territory, estate owners of Trinidad are turning their attention from cultivation of sugar, which is growing less profitable, to that of cocao, whose future is a certainty.

Like coffee, the cacao must be shaded from the sun; like it, it is guarded by another tree that is called the "bois immortelle." As we see it in Maraval valley and as it is everywhere, the cacao is a tree of from ten to twenty feet high, with rough, yellowish brown bark, large lanceolate leaves, and a dozen nuts the size and shape of young musk melons, growing directly from the trunk or larger limbs to which they are attached by a short pedicle. In color green while immature, they change to a chrome yellow or magenta red when ripe or to a mixture of both that is artistic.

When picking time comes they are cut from the tree, gathered into heaps and split open, the latter operation revealing the seeds or cacao arranged in layers of disks like copper pennies from end to end, and covered with a white gelatinous substance. This is gotten rid of by fermentation—by rotting it off in closed boxes; a process that needs constant caution, as it will destroy the kernels if carried too far.

The latter are dried in the sun, assorted and packed, when they are ready for market. Cacao trees begin to bear at about six years of age, and continue for fifty, during all of which time they need but the simplest care, and yield constantly. Therefore a cacao estate is an excellent thing to have in the family. But the valleys beneath whose shade and in whose well matured soil the tree flourishes best, are limited in extent, and there is but a comparatively small amount of government land left upon which to found new plantations. About the only way to acquire one now is to watch chances carefully and purchase either a large one that some vicissitude of fortune has thrown into the auction market, or pick up a number of small ones lying contiguous and join them into one. Ten years ago, estates could occasionally be purchased at a bargain, and the regular price was $1 a tree. Now it is only by chance that a decent one is offered, and the price is from $3 to $5 a tree. Even at this last figure a cocao estate is no mean investment, as it requires no fertilization and is expected to yield $1 a tree per annum.—Dr. William F. Hutchinson in American Magazine.

SLEEPING AFTER MEALS.

A Widespread but Mistaken Belief—Rest for the Brain.

There is a widespread superstition, cherished by the great majority of the people, that to sleep immediately after they have taken food is to endanger health, to favor the onset of apoplexy, etc.—a superstition based on the assumption that during sleep the brain is normally congested. There is, no doubt, such a thing as congestive sleep, but during normal sleep the brain is anæmic. When a person has taken a fairly abundant lunch or dinner the stomach demands a special influx of blood wherewith to accomplish its work of digestion; no organ can more easily comply with that demand than the brain, which, when in full activity, is suffused with a maximum amount of the vital fluid.

But a derivation of blood from the brain to the stomach can only take place, except in exceptionally full blooded and vigorous persons, on the condition that the cerebral functions be meanwhile partially or wholly suspended. Hence many people after taking dinner feel indisposed for mental action, and not a few long for sleep. The already partially anæmic brain would fain yield up to the stomach a still further supply of blood and yield itself up to refreshing sleep. Doing so it gains new strength; meanwhile digestion proceeds energetically, and soon body and mind are again equipped to continue in full force the battle of life. But superstition, the child of ignorance, intervenes, declares that sleep during digestion is dangerous, admonishes the would be sleepers to struggle against their perilous inclination, and, though telling them that after dinner they may sit awhile, assures them of the adage, "after supper walk a mile."

The millions of its victims continue, therefore, the strife to which it condemns them, and ignore the suggestions offered to them by the lower animals, who have always practiced the lessons of sound physiology by sleeping after feeding whenever they are allowed to do so. Hence the human brain and human stomach of such victims contend with each other during the digestive process; the brain, impelled by superstition, strives to work and demands blood to work with, while the stomach, stimulated by its contents, strives to carry on its marvelous chemistry, and demands an ample supply of blood for the purpose. The result of the struggle is that neither is able to do its work well; the brain is enfeebled by being denied its natural rest during the digestive process, and the healthy function of the stomach degenerates into dyspepsia.—Westminster Review.

A Case of Self Abnegation.

Charles Lamb's devotion to his insane sister was one of those instances of self abnegation which are as a silver lining to the darker and more sinister traits of human nature, but it is, perhaps, more than equaled in some respects by an instance of unselfish devotion on the part of a man in one of the institutions near New York such as is rare outside of the pages of fiction. It is the case of a man and wife. They lived happily together, but by one of those strange visitations of fate the happy wife became insane. Cases are not rare where a husband has shown devotion to an insane wife. There are others in which the husband has sought to play the role of Mr. Rochester in "Jane Eyre," and ignore a tie which he speciously argued had been sundered by a stroke of fate, though in most, if not all, of our states, at least, insanity subsequent to marriage is regarded as a disease, and no more a ground for divorce than consumption or any other ailment.

But in this case the husband forsook his home in New York, where he had lived on a small income received from wealthy parents in Europe, and sought and secured a position as bookkeeper in the workhouse close by the insane asylum where his wife was confined, receiving no salary for his services, and remains there now, amid forbidden surroundings, simply that he may be near his stricken wife, who smiles vacantly at him or talks with pathetic volubility and earnestness of her fixed delusions across that dark mental gulf which separates the Gehenna of madness from the relative paradise of sanity. His only thought is to soften the blow to his wife as much as possible, to ameliorate as far as may be her sufferings, a pathetic attempt to make the hand of fate seem like velvet instead of iron. For seven years he has remained faithful in his devotion to his mentally dead wife, sepulchred, so to speak, as a hopeless lunatic in the cemetery of the mind, an insane asylum, a man not, perhaps, endowed with the intellectual qualities which command the admiration of men, but illumined by unselfish devotion as with a sacred nimbus.—Oscar Willoughby Riggs.

Feline Sagacity.

"Bridget, has Johnnie come home from school yet?"

"Yis, sorr."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, sorr."

"Then how do you know he's home?"

"'Cause the cat's hidin' under the stove, sorr."—Time.

OUR ANGLOMANIACS.

IN FORMER DAYS FRENCH WAYS WERE THE FASHION.

Anglomania Confined to a Limited Class. The American Habit of Mind Is Responsible for It All—Not a Serious Matter.

The newspapers are constantly satirizing a tendency to Anglomania, which is said to prevail just now in American society, or at least in a few cities and watering places along the Atlantic shore. It is not habitually mentioned that this is but a swing of the same pendulum which seemed, twenty years ago, to be swinging the other way, and carrying us away from everything English and toward everything French. The same pendulum has been steadily vibrating, indeed, ever since the foundation of our government, and its movements have never had any great or important influence upon the mass of the American people. Be this as it may, it is perfectly certain that the whim in fashion thirty and even twenty years ago was quite unlike what it now is.

Good Americans were said, when they died, to go to Paris, and even the wit of Tom Appleton never ventured to suggest that they should go to London. At Newport it was for many years held essential to do things in the French way, not the English. It was at the French court that fashionable Americans yearned to be presented; they uniformly preferred to live on the other side of the English channel; and I remember to have had this explained to me by a man of some fashion, on the ground that if an ambitious American family lived in Paris they were not vexed at being omitted from this or that entertainment of the nobility; whereas in England, where their own language was spoken, that sort of omission chafed them far more. The reason thus assigned may have been flimsy, but the fact recognized was important; it indicated a period when French standards, not English, prevailed in our more fashionable society.

A LIMITED CLASS.

It must be remembered that Anglomania is confined among us to a limited class, and to certain very limited pursuits and interests of that class. It does not exist, for instance, among our men of science, inasmuch as they go to Germany in shoals for study, and rarely visit England since the death of Darwin. It is now charged upon our literary men, since the death of Richard Grant White, who was, moreover, as ardently anti-English in some directions as he was vehemently English in others. It is not found in our journalism, which aspires to lead the English and actually leads it in enterprise, while falling behind it in evenness of execution and in the minor proprieties of life. It is not to be found in our public school system or in our college systems, for these, where they are not American, are German. It is not found in our library methods, for in the librarians' conventions of the last few years Americans have led and not followed. Even when we come on more intimate and domestic ground limitations still exist. Our standard of cookery, so far as we have any, is French and not English.

No American lady would wish to be charged with dressing like an English woman, and no American man, when traveling anywhere but in England, would wish to be taken for an Englishman, for the simple reason that Americans are everywhere so much more popular. The key to this alleged Anglomania, therefore, is simply this: that the American habit of mind is essentially cosmopolitan, and goes to each nation for that which it finds best of its kind. As unerringly as it goes to Germany for its scientific instructions, or to France for its cooks, so it goes to England for what is not so well to be found in France or Germany—the minor conveniences and facilities which belong to a highly trained leisure class.

BORROWING FROM ABROAD.

Itself newly developed, this American class turns to England for a good standard of minor essentials, as horse equipments and coachmen's clothes. It borrows more than than these; it borrows those accessories of high bred life which promote daily comfort and convenience, the organization of a large household, the routine of social life. In these directions England is very strong, though it may be doubted if this is the highest sphere, if it can be set against the dignity of the best Spanish or Italian manners, the keenest of French wit, and the depth and solidity of German knowledge. These also are fully appreciated among us, but their traces do not lie so much on the surface. All these things, so far as we can, we borrow; why not? If older nations borrow from one another, why not younger from older? It is no discredit to England that her one high philological authority, Max Muller, is a German, and that her one humorous periodical—in America every newspaper is humorous—still bears traces of its French origin in the title, Punch, or The London Charivari. The English journals are constantly pointing out that their own people are becoming Americanized; why, then, should not an American here or there be Anglicized? It is pretty certain all the while that we are exerting far more influence than we receive.

Let us not disturb ourselves. Out of the fifty millions of Americans the passing wave of Anglomania or Francomania reaches but a few thousands, and merely touches those on the surface. Even the young men whom it reaches are at heart good Americans.—From T. W. Higginson's "Men and Women."

Cash for Her Diamonds.

The other day a demure little woman, who had a room next to mine, and who was, as she gave me to understand, a Philadelphia lady, whose husband would be down on Saturday evening, came rushing up to me with a telegram in her hand and great anxiety on her face. The dispatch was dated Buffalo, and read: "Come at once; George dangerously ill." The little woman wanted to go to her George, of course, but she had only $3 in cash and couldn't wait. Would I take her diamonds and lend her $50? If not fifty, then forty, or thirty-five, and she would send for them within a week. Poor little woman! How sad her position! But you see there are two sorts of telegraph blanks—one to send on and one to receive on. This message had been apparently received on a sender's blank, and it struck me that there was a put up job somewhere. She found some one more kind hearted, however, and got $60 and skipped away. The other day the "diamonds" were appraised at $5.50.—Atlantic City Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Why the Man Dived.

The race started, but Williams and Heffelfinger knew little or nothing of the intricacies involved in the management of the double shell which they were pulling, and in consequence when the first half mile had been covered they caught a heavy crab, and the boat being overturned both ambitious young mariners were plunged into the water. Libby was unaware of the accident until a quarter mile ahead, when happening to turn his head he saw his two opponents swimming for shore, towing the boat with them. He rowed back to them and towed Heffelfinger to shore, where a large throng had assembled, watching the affair. A row boat went out for Williams. After he had been towed almost to shore he stopped and swam back for a distance. He was seen to dive and remain under water for a while, and when he came up he held up something in his left hand, remarking: "By Jove, I've got it, anyway."

"Got what?" said the man in the rowboat who was out for Williams' rescue. "Found a pearl?"

"Found nothing," said Williams. "I've recovered my glass eye."—Minneapolis Tribune.

DIET OF THE AGED.

What an Authority Says on the Subject. A Popular Error.

An authority of no less weight than Sir Henry Thompson declares, in a recent handbook, that considerably more than half of the disease which embitters life among the middle and upper classes of the population is due to avoidable errors in diet. And while he tells us that with few exceptions men and women are healthier and stronger in every way without alcoholic drinks than with them he does not hesitate to declare, at the same time, that more mischief, in the form of active disease, impaired vigor, and shortened life, arises from erroneous habits in eating than from the occasional use of alcoholic drink, great as he knows the evil of it to be.

Sir Henry does not think it a bad sign that the appetite should diminish as age increases; and he deprecates any attempts by stimulants or tonics or concentrated foods to "improve" the appetite in such cases. As we increase in age we put forth less energy and activity, and as a consequence we have less power to eliminate excess of food. The scientific view of the case is simple enough to be popularly comprehended. The over supply of nutrition must be thrown off or absorbed into the system. With the young the surplus is got rid of by active work or exercise; but even in tender years it makes its presence felt in occasional sickness. From about middle life onward it is packed away in the form of fat; and it may make its presence known by interfering with the action of the liver, by rheumatic attacks and obscure and troublesome diseases.

While condemning excess generally, Sir Henry Thompson holds, with Cornaro, that from middle life onward persons who would have health and long life go together must conform to nature and reduce the daily supply of food. When 70 is reached it is more than ever necessary, he tells us, that this should be done; and in the same way, at 80 with less activity, there must be less support. If this course be followed, a right good and happy and even useful old age may be enjoyed; providing, of course, there is no inherited taint to be combated and accidents do not come in the way. The difficulty in such a case is that a man wants to be saved from friends and relatives who are apt to regard a lessening appetite with alarm, and seek by endearments, and when these fail by threats and also by superstitious means, to force the palate beyond its natural requirements. Plain and frugal fare, then, would seem to be the essential condition not only of prolonged but of happy existence; and the ancient maxim remains a guiding principle to the race, that "man must eat to live, not live to eat."—Leeds Mercury.

Facts Concerning Stage Wages.

The prevalence of the "stage craze" among women is not due to the love of excitement or other emotional cause, but to the generally accepted opinion that they can make a better living in the dramatic profession than in any other vocation. To a certain extent this is true. The moment a woman gains recognition as a trustworthy and capable performer in the legitimate drama or light opera she commands a salary from $30 a week upward for the entire season. Estimating this at forty weeks would give a minimum salary of $1,200 a year, or $24 a week. The position requires disbursements unknown in other callings. She must have a good wardrobe and be neatly if not handsomely dressed in private life, and both of these conditions involve a considerable outlay. On the other side she receives a certain discount in nearly all business dealings. Not only do hotels, but milliners, bootmakers and other tradesmen regularly give what are known as "theatrical rates," these meaning an average discount of at least thirty per cent.

In no other industry are such figures known. The average shopgirl receives $6 a week, seamstress $8, bookkeeper $10, typewriter $10, factory hand $5, tailor operative $4 and cigarette maker $6. Allowing for dull seasons, these figures, small as they are in comparison with those paid upon the stage, are still further reduced. Besides this notable inequality is a much more powerful difference. On the stage there is no limit as to earnings. Every actor has before him the potentiality of fame and fortune. Each looks forward to enjoying at some time the princely success which has rewarded Mary Anderson, Mrs. Langtry, Lotta and Maggie Mitchell. In the other industries the limit of earning is quickly reached beyond which industrial laws allow no progress. This is the real magnet which draws women toward the footlights.—New York Press.

Gas Explosions on Steamships.

With the object of reducing the danger of explosions of gas in the bunkers of her majesty's ships, the admiralty have issued new rules for the government of the steam reserves. According to these, directly after the coaling of a ship is finished, the engineer officer is to see that the coal shutes are quite clear of coal. Coal should not be taken on board wet, as moisture sometimes causes a rapid and dangerous generation of heat and gas. While the decks are being washed after coaling, the close bunker covers are to be replaced to prevent water passing into the bunkers, and the coal should always be kept as dry as possible. The ventilating pipes to bunkers, when so fitted, should be kept clear. No light, except in a safety lamp, is to be used inside the coal bunkers until it has been ascertained that they do not contain explosive gas; and special precautions in this respect are to be taken for a few days after coaling. Where coal bunkers are not provided with permanent ventilating fittings, the lids are to be taken off twice a week, and kept off at least ten hours during the week. Every precaution is to be taken to ventilate such bunkers before men are sent to work in them. In order to render the ventilation efficient there must be at least two openings—one for the admission of pure air, and the other for the escape of foul air—and, where the two permanent ventilating fittings do not include both, the bunker lids are to be taken off periodically.—London Times.

The "Didn't-Know-It-Was-Loaded" Fiend.

Here is a method which an ingenious friend suggests to me as the proper punishment for the brainless individual who points a pistol at a relative, and after he has shot him dead says he "didn't know it was loaded." Let the ignorant ass who did the murder be placed erect with his back to a wall. In front of him let there be a basket filled to the brim with revolvers, all alike in shape. Let him then be told that all those revolvers are empty but one, which is loaded with ball, and let an executioner then appear and pick out twenty of the revolvers one after another and snap them at the ignorant man's head. If the loaded pistol happens to be among the score picked out, and the offender is shot dead, well and good; he can never so offend again; while if the loaded pistol remains in the basket and he escapes he will have received a lesson of a kind calculated to make him fight shy of firearms for the rest of his natural life."—Chicago Journal.

With duns the wealthy need not cope,
Their life is all serene;
The happy man who has the "soap"
Himself from debt keeps clean.
—Boston Courier.

Centenarians in France.

The French census reported 160 persons who were 100 years old or over, but M. Levasseur, who has been investigating the matter, reports to the Academy of Science that sixty-seven of these were only "believed" to be so by their relatives, and that there were only sixteen whose age could be proven to be over 100 years by authentic documents. He estimates that there are over fifty centenarians in the country.—Chicago Herald.

A CONVICT SCHOOL.

RESULTS OF A SINGULAR EXPERIMENT IN PRISON MANAGEMENT.

The System Pursued in the Reformatory at Elmira, N. Y.—How Thorough and Lasting Reform Is Obtained—The Intelligent Criminal's Mentality.

A most interesting product of convict labor is in the shape of a little book of 100 or more pages, grouping together a number of papers and reports regarding the singular experiment in prison management which has been in progress for some years at the Elmira reformatory. It is printed by the prisoners themselves. Comparatively little seems to be known by the general public regarding the Elmira system. Only such convicts are sent there as are between the ages of 16 and 30 and have never been in state prison before. They are sentenced for an indefinite term, subject to the discretion of the board of managers, but cannot be detained longer than the maximum period for which they might have been imprisoned under the law. If, for example, a man has been convicted of burglary, he may be kept in Elmira for ten years, but no longer, because that is the maximum sentence under the law. But if the management, or rather the superintendent, Mr. Brockway—who is practically the head of the institution—believes from his record there that he will lead an honest life on emerging, he may be discharged at any time after one year.

To obtain his release he must get a perfect record in three branches—for conduct, zeal and efficiency as a workman, and proficiency and diligence as a scholar. In this latter field is found the distinguishing character of the Elmira system. It is, in fact, a school for convicts, and the results are surprising. On the average, it is said, 60 per cent. of the convicts released from state prisons find their way back, but thus far 80 per cent. of the discharges from the Elmira reformatory during the eight years the experiment has been continued are believed to be permanent reformations. The full significance of this will not be understood unless it is remembered that in the newer prisons every improvement has been introduced, not inconsistent with proper discipline, looking to the health and general well being of convicts.

The Elmira system proceeds upon the principle that a thorough and lasting reform can only be obtained through a decided change in the intellectual character of the convict. Christmas dinners, the privilege of reading good books, and an occasional holiday, which are conspicuous among the ameliorating features of life in various prisons, are not believed to furnish sufficient radical treatment. At Elmira the convict is not invited to read. He is compelled to study and to work over his books as he does over his bench in the workshop, because it is only by making a perfect record as a scholar as well as in the other two branches that he can shorten his sentence. The schools are held in the evening after the eight hours of labor required in the shops have been performed. The subjects run as far up as the higher mathematics, American and English history, politics, English literature and political economy. One of the classes was in practical ethics. This began with only seventy pupils, because the convicts seemed averse to the idea. Yet interest in it grew so rapidly that the membership increased to about eight hundred. The discussions turned upon practical questions in the morality of daily life and had no bearing upon religious dogma, so called.

The course in English literature became so popular that the class increased in less than a year from sixty to more than 500—five-sixths of the entire convict population. The account given by the school secretary of the growth of this course in popularity reads almost like a fairy tale. No regular class meetings were held except at examinations, but the study was followed in private by each prisoner, with helps and suggestions through circulars or in talks with the instructor. The history of English literature was taught through leaflets prepared by him, while the texts of the great masters were read by the pupil, each being assigned every month a portion of an author for study. As with the subject of practical morality, English literature was regarded at the outset as a nuisance by the men selected to form the class. They looked upon it as another method of making it difficult for them to earn the marks which would be necessary to secure a release. Many showed a great distaste for the study, and some exhibited positive anger. Yet it was not many months before the corridors of the prison any night showed a curious spectacle—convicts poring over the Canterbury tales, the story of Evangeline, and even pages of Bacon and Browning.

The experience of those engaged in this work is directly against the theory that intellectual development only increases the capacity of the criminal for wickedness. They find, on the other hand, that even the so called intelligent criminal seems mentally deficient as soon as he passes out of the groove in which he has been accustomed to exercise his cunning. He takes narrow and distorted views of life. The process of intellectual culture which is carried on in this institution, they believe, broadens the convict's mind until he is lifted out of this narrow groove and is able to see the wisdom of good morals. The experiment is unique and may have a most important influence upon the future of penal science.—New York Tribune.

Worry of Small Businesses.

The common sense view of the subject must be that whatever envy or unpopularity the great prehensile geniuses of finance may attract, and however weighty their business cares and responsibilities may be, the intellectual and physical stress to which they are subjected is not necessarily more intense or tissue consuming than that which falls to the lot of many men with no income but their salaries or wages. In times of extensive business reverses, thousands of such persons are thrown out of employment. Or take the case of the average small business man and employer of labor. He is much more likely to fail than to succeed, for in every business and profession the percentage of failures far exceeds the percentage of successes. Thousands of these unsuccessful business men try their luck again and again until their credit is exhausted, and they straggle into the always crowded ranks of the seekers for work.

And too many of the displacers and the displaced in the ever shifting world of labor and business have small means and large families. The anxieties about making provision for their families must alone be a mental and physical strain of the severest. Now the sitters on the front bench of the princes of finance after they have once accumulated a sufficient reserve fund are free from this sort of anxiety. The Astors and the Goelets, for instance, don't have to chaffer, as some of their tenants may, over the price of mutton or the size of a pint of milk. Nor do the fluctuations in the commercial world give them much concern. They take care of their capital, which takes care of them and lets them enjoy themselves.—New York Sun.

Quick Work.

Philadelphia Guest (at a "reasonable rates" seaside boarding house)—Humph! Here is an elaborate bill of fare, but you say everything I ask for is out. I came into the dining room within five minutes after the bell stopped ringing.

Waiter—Yes, sah; but some of the guests got in befoh the bell stopped ringing.—Philadelphia Record.

LOVE'S LITANY.

Helpless! alone I stand! Give me your hand!
Lead me across life's turmoil and despair!
Take me away to Love's sweet blossom land,
Out of this darkness into light and air!
Give me your hand! to wander thro' my hair,
To pass across my forehead; let it touch
My lips, just once, that murmur you are fair
And tender, Sweet! I do not ask for much—
Give me your hand!

Midnight has closed me round! Give me your eyes
That I may wake to see life's loveliness,
And gaze into a mirror'd Paradise,
Where we may wander on, no less! no less!
Give me your eyes! that I may look you through,
Unfold your soul, discover how your heart
Trembles at love's awakening. Ah! you—
You will be merciful! Ere I depart
Give me your eyes!

Behold your suppliant! Give me your heart!
All that is in it that is very pure,
Your woman's sanctity; the counterpart
Of gifts the angels gave you that endure!
Give me your heart! that I may set it round
With pearls of prayer, and rosaries recite
Of deep thanksgiving! Let me feel I've found
A way to peace out of life's dark night!
Give me your heart!

—Clement Scott in America.

Catching a Poison Snake.

When you come upon your cobra, make him rear up and expand his hood. He generally does this quickly enough, but should he delay, whistle to him, imitating the snake charmers. He will then certainly raise his head. Then, with a small cane or stick, or the ramrod of a gun, gently press his head to the ground. The snake will not object; he seems rather to like it. When you press his head lightly to the ground with the stick in your left hand, you should seize the snake with your right, close behind the head, holding his neck rather tightly; then let go the stick and catch hold of the tail. The snake is powerless, and you can do what you like with it.—Popular Science Monthly.

A System of Brigandage.

It is noted by many papers that the system of brigandage known as "tipping" has been worse than ever at the resorts this summer. In many hotels a bell boy doesn't expect to move for less than 10 cents, and as you are likely to employ a different boy every time, you soon begin to dread asking for anything. The head waiter of a summer hotel was recently asked by a guest why the waiters were so slovenly and insolent. "Oh, well," was the reply, "I expect if you would lay down a $2 bill by your plate every Sunday morning, as the other gentlemen do, you would find them all right. I understand you have only been giving 50 cents a week."—New York Tribune.

Weight of Women's Dresses.

A London paper recently made some extravagant statements as to the weight of women's dresses. The fact is that the ordinary costume worn by a woman of medium stature is remarkably light. Very few weigh over nine pounds, dresses of silk and jet being the heaviest. A dress of cloth and jet averages about six pounds, a long velvet dress for evening wear about five, a cloth winter dress five, a tailor made dress about six pounds and a wrap of solid jet three pounds, while a dress of surah silk weighs somewhere in the neighborhood of three and one-half pounds only. Summer dresses weigh from half a pound to two pounds.—Chicago News.

Bravery of Big Men.

In an article on courage in The Fortnightly Review Lord Wolseley contradicts the idea that little men are braver than big men. One of the very bravest he ever knew was 6 feet 4 inches. Among the nations he singles out Turkey with special praise for her fighting qualities: "Among all the great armies of the world, none is composed of a finer or braver fighting material than that of Turkey. The early life, the training, laws, manners, customs and, above all, the religion of the Turk combine to make him the most formidable of soldiers."—New York Sun.

Novel Form of Lifeboat.

A certain line has furnished each of its steamers with two folding canvas lifeboats of the pattern invented by an English clergyman. The boat is twenty-five feet long, is double pointed, and is made of oiled canvas fastened to longitudinal elm wood ricks which are secured to posts at either end. An air space between the canvas coverings renders the boat unsinkable. There is a folding bottom hinged in the center. The seats fold upward when not in use. The boat weighs 1,800 pounds, and will hold 100 persons.—Boston Transcript.

Beginning of Iron Making.

The first iron made in New Jersey was at a place just south of Trenton, from the limonite or bog ore that abounds in that section, and the first forgemaster was Governor Lewis Morris, who came to Monmouth from Barbadoes before the year 1680. When the revolution came on the iron men had grown skillful enough to make cannon and shells for the Continentals; also big shallow pans in which to evaporate sea water and supply salt when the foreign article was cut off.—Chicago Herald.

The Story Not True.

A French journal published for the purpose of giving curious information has been investigating the story that during the Reign of Terror Mlle. de Sombreuil was made to drink a glass of human blood as the price of her life, and asserts that this honored legend is untrue. All the foundation there could be for it, the paper says, is that she probably was asked to drink a glass of wine to the health of the republic, and the hand of the man who gave it to her might have been dripping with blood.—New York Sun.

When to Call Him.

A joyous inebriate finds his way home, and after infinite trouble, is safely stowed away in bed by his valet. "Any more orders, sir?" says the faithful servant, preparing to retire. "No—that is to say, let me sleep until I am thirsty, and be sure you call me then."—La Lanterne.

Satisfactory.

Magistrate (to small witness)—Do you know what becomes of people who swear to what is not true?

Small Witness—Yes, sir; dey skips for Canada.

Magistrate—Swear the witness.—Texas Siftings.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

Idlyr—Better take my advice and enjoy a sail in my boat.

Doddlyr—B'lieve I will. I yacht to.

Idlyr (sadly)—They yawl do.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Sculptors' Clay.

Sculptors' clay is something that does not "grow wild" everywhere, and it is said that the best now in use by American artists comes from Federal Hill, near Baltimore.

A Narrow Escape.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds.

"Nine."

"Why, I ordered medicine for ten."

"Yes, but one wouldn't take it."—Exchange.

Diamond Measure.

"How do you suppose Mr. Poorcase manages to get diamonds for his wife?" asked a lady of her husband.

"Oh, buys them by the quartz, I presume."—Detroit Free Press.

Miscellaneous

"HOW'S YOUR LIVER?"

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When the Liver is Torpid the Bowels are Sluggish and Constipated, and the Food lies in the Stomach decomposing—poisoning the Blood.

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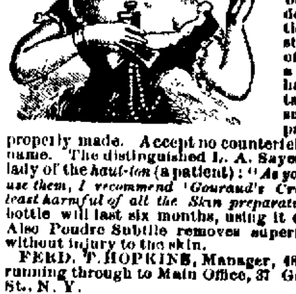

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The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6 1888.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THE MILLS BILL.

Dishonest Statements That It Does Not Mean Free Trade Refuted.

Congressman Mills, who is now pretty well known as the reputed author of the Mills bill, in his campaign speech in West Virginia the other night used the flippant and ridiculous statement that the average reduction of duty made by his bill is less than 7 per cent., and he wants to know if that is free trade. As Mr. Mills is to remain on the stump he will probably continue to employ this method of deceiving those who are willing to be deceived by the absurdity. The free trade organs have tried in the same way to make people believe that the Mills bill is not what it is. The public is thus assured that an average reduction of less than 7 per cent. cannot be free trade.

Well, if the kind of reduction in duties provided for in the Mills bill did not substantially mean free trade, it is very certain we should not see the free traders so enthusiastically supporting the measure as they are now doing. They all understand perfectly well, just as Mills, Carlisle, Watterson and the Breckinridges understand, that it means free trade, and that any attempt to make it appear to be anything else is an attempt to allay the alarm which their work has caused, and to entice the people into giving them another four years of power. That would be construed as an indorsement of their present policy, which they have repeatedly claimed as only a beginning. It would be accepted by them as authority to carry their assault upon the principle of protection still further.

To accomplish this they seek to deceive the people. To say that the Mills bill provides for an average reduction of less than 7 per cent. is dishonest and misleading and every one who uses such a statement knows it to be. There are a number of articles not touched by the bill. Its supporters were compelled to yield to members on the Democratic side in this particular and leave some duties unchanged in order to get votes for the measure. But there are nearly 100 articles on which the reduction is 100 per cent., in other words have been put on the free list. There are a large number of others reduced from 50 to 80 per cent.; a still larger number reduced from 30 to 50 per cent., while the reduction on many more ranges from 15 to 30 per cent. This is naturally what the free traders call a good beginning in the direction of free trade. It justifies their claim.

No free trader is bothering and fooling himself about an average reduction of less than 7 per cent., although willing the people should be deceived by that kind of talk if they can be. If the bill was really what the average reduction claim is dishonestly intended to imply the free traders would not be so well pleased with it as they are. It would not suit Mr. Mills himself, nor any of his Democratic associates on the ways and means committee. They have had to yield some of their original ground in order to get the votes of Democratic members from northern and even southern districts, but they have not yielded their purpose. That is free trade, and this measure, as they have proclaimed it, is but an entering wedge.—Philadelphia Press.

Gossip About Miss Murfree.

When she visited Washington a year or so ago, all who met her were lavish in praise of her charming conversational powers. Suddenly somebody remembered that although Miss Murfree had such power to charm in talking she really talked very little. She charmed by listening. Another novelty of character in a writer is accredited to her. She does not want to be talked to about her books. She explains this on the ground of being tired of the subject.

Facility in work is not one of her gifts. She never "tosses off" anything. So slowly does she write that those who have seen her at her work represent the process as painful. Sometimes she spends two hours over a single page and then tears it up. Let it be put down and remembered that such care in writing is not thrown away. Usually the "tossers off" of literature make what, in the slang of newspaper offices, is known as "easy writing and hard reading." She is an ante-breakfast worker, like George Eliot. Much of her work is done in the early hours of the day.

A year or more ago a robust rumor which was quite fleet on its feet ran over the country bearing news of Miss Murfree's engagement to a tall Tennessean. The time was set for the wedding and all arrangements made, so said the rumor. But as Miss Murfree is still Miss Murfree, some of us are beginning to think that Rumor has been up to one of her well known tricks in this case. No doubt we will all be the gainers if this lady does not wed, as then she will be sure to give us more books.—New York Letter.

Protection and the Trusts.

"They are forming a lumber trust; therefore abolish the tariff on lumber," shrieks a Mills bill advocate. Well, why not abolish the tariff on kerosene oil and coffee and thus kill off the oil and coffee trusts? "But there isn't any tariff on oil or coffee," some free trader remarks. How does it happen, then, that these products are controlled by trusts? We thought it was the tariff that caused the trusts, or made them possible. There will be trusts, it appears, whether there is any tariff or not. The whole salt product of Europe is controlled by a trust. The formation of a lumber trust does not depend upon the tariff. Unless trusts are prohibited, there is likely to be a lumber trust whether there is any tariff or not. Abolishing the tariff would create the strongest possible incentive for a trust.—Cleveland Leader.

They Are in a Tight Place.

The Democratic newspapers that have been squeezed so hard by their Republican contemporaries as to attempt a defense of the financial operations of Buchanan's administration, pointing to it as an era of pride in national history, are in pretty tight quarters. It is only another step to make a radical defense for Jeff Davis.—Cleveland Leader.

They Knew the Man.

"Here in Buffalo, where Cleveland lived for thirty years, there will be a strong majority against him, as there was against him in 1884." These are the words of Hon. Lewis F. Allen, one of the most conspicuous residents of western New York and an uncle of President Cleveland. "There will be a strong majority against" Cleveland in Buffalo because Buffalo has had a good opportunity to become acquainted with him. If Mr. Cleveland should reside two or three years in Louisiana, that state would be reliably Republican afterward in any canvass in which he would be a candidate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Rather Suggestive.

The Cleveland Leader says that Col. Brice, chairman of the Democratic campaign committee, is a heavy stockholder in the Chase National bank of New York, and that the government on the eve of a campaign has deposited in this bank $2,000,000, which is practically in the hands of the chairman of the Democratic campaign committee. This is rather suggestive, to say the least of it.

HIS LATEST TRICK.

PRESS OPINION OF CLEVELAND'S RETALIATORY MESSAGE.

Two Great Republican Journals Condemn the Bombastic Document, and a Third Laughs at It—It Is "Bad Diplomacy and Good Politics."

The New York Tribune says of President Cleveland's message asking for power to retaliate on Canada:

A direct answer may be made to the president's message on the rejected treaty. He asked for enlarged retaliatory powers, on the ground that those with which he has already been armed are inadequate. If he had enforced either of the retaliation acts he would have been in a position to decide whether they were or were not adequate for the protection of American interests. If he had availed himself of the legislation already enacted and had found it insufficient, he would have been justified in recommending more stringent measures. As it is, he simply begs the question. Having persisted in negotiating a treaty in opposition to the advise given to him at his request by the senate in 1886, and having systematically neglected to make use of the retaliation acts, he is not justified in complaining that the powers conferred upon him are insufficient. Having abruptly decided to reverse his entire policy in dealing with Great Britain and Canadian corporations, it would have been more becoming if his message to congress had been less defiant and aggressive in tone. He has tried to have his own way and has made a wretched failure of diplomacy. In submitting to the will of congress, as expressed in the retaliation acts, meekness would have been a graceful virtue on his part. Actual experience from the operation of those acts ought to have preceded shrill demands for additional retaliatory powers.

The New York Press says: President Cleveland's message upon the rejected fisheries treaty is by long odds the funniest of the many exhibitions of himself which our Falstaffian chief magistrate has ever given to the public. For months he has been trying to scare the senate into accepting his diplomatic addled eggs by referring to the trouble he could make under the retaliation act of the last congress. That scheme having failed, he now, without using any of those powers, steps up jauntily and asks for more weapons with which to force England to act justly by us.

This, of course, is a retaliation upon the senate for rejecting his treaty. His heart was set upon paying the stakes for which Secretary Bayard played a game of diplomacy with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. But the people and the senate discovered that the latter used marked cards, and would not chime in with his scheme. Therefore, President Cleveland asks for additional powers of retaliation which may be so used as to bring about a war.

The senate is not likely to be alarmed by this thunder and lightning talk. The presidential bluffer already has his boots and belt stuffed with retaliatory revolvers and sabers, and there is a retaliatory bowie knife down the back of his neck. He will not get into serious trouble if he gets a retaliatory cannon cracker besides.

If he wants retaliation acts, by all means let him have them—not this alone, but as many more as he asks for. Then the country will see how quickly a law can pass into "innocuous desuetude" under an unpatriotic president.

The Philadelphia Press, after remarking on the president's peculiar policy of using messages as campaign documents, says:

He is defeated on his free trade message Even he knows it and his party in every doubtful state has seen it for a month. He tries a new tack. He starts a new issue. He appeals to national feeling, and he ranks himself and his administration—where an American executive and his cabinet should always stand—in defense of the rights and privileges of all Americans. But he does this on lines and in a way to get all the politics he can out of it.

Continuing, The Press says: This is bad diplomacy and shrewd "politics." It may not be worthy of an American president, but it shows a keen sense of the needs of the Democratic candidate. It risks much for the nation, but it does all it can for the Democratic campaign. It has been possible, as we have said over and over again, at any time before and still more after the retaliatory act of 1887 was passed to put pressure on Canada which she could not resist and against which Great Britain could make no effectual protest. This could be done by simply altering the treasury regulations for the transhipment of Canadian goods in bond. He has taken an international pose before all the world, defying Canadian lightning. Suppose—which is out of the question—he were able by this "vigorous" attitude to get in a serious snarl with Great Britain in the next sixty days. What stock in trade this would be for a presidential candidate beaten in August on the ground he had chosen in December and shifting the issue to a new field in the last two months of his campaign! What a chance to befog the economic issue between free trade and protection, on which the doubtful states are going one way, and the wrong way, for President Cleveland, with this new appeal! But this will not do. Mr. Cleveland has taken his ground. He will have to make his fight on it.

Why They Want American Free Trade.

The British export trade in 1883 was £109,000,000 less than it was in 1873, ten years before. The steady decline in that time was due to a great extent to the establishment of protective tariff laws in some of the leading nations on the continent. A similar decline in the ten years from 1883 to 1893 would practically destroy the foreign trade of the United Kingdom; hence the eagerness of the British manufacturer to have the rich markets of America—the best in the world—opened up to him. The loss on the continent would be more than recompensed.—Indianapolis Journal.

Cleveland's "Reform" Showing.

Postoffice thefts to nearly $1,000,000 in Chicago, extending over weeks; a robbery in New York of $10,000, by an unknown thief having a duplicate key, which he has probably long used; the postoffice theft here; a widespread insecurity in the mails—these are all the natural, inevitable result of the clean sweep made by President Cleveland in the postal service.—Philadelphia Press.

There Should Be More Like Him.

It is true, as asserted by the Democrats, that Mr. Morton has a "barrel." The people found that out a good many years ago when he tapped it so liberally for the relief of want and suffering in poor old Ireland.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

They Will All Be Tired in November.

Brice seems to be tired of Cleveland and Cleveland tired of Brice. Neither of them has brains enough to plan the campaign, and so Gorman and Higgins are called in to "hustle." Well, "hustling," or something else, is sadly needed by the Democracy just now.—Cleveland Leader.

There Will Be Weeping and Wailing.

It is learned from commercial centers that the present crop of onions promises to be twice the size of last autumn. Still, this will prove of no real benefit to the Democratic party. As a tear starter the result of the November election will be sufficient.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

He Can Catch Everything but Votes.

"Ben, I can beat you catching fish,"
Remarked big Grover C.;
"Can draw more round me in an hour
Than you can draw in three."
"Of course you can," Ben H. replied—
"There are no flies on me."
—Oil City Blizzard.

Of forty-three wool manufacturers in Rhode Island only four favor the Mills bill and three of the four are connected with the same firm.—Buffalo News.

WAGES AND THE TARIFF.

An Increase of from 60 to 200 Per Cent. Brought About by Protection.

In showing the workingman the beneficial results of the protective system to wage earners The New York Mail and Express says:

Let us take a bricklayer, for example, who earns about $12 a week in New York. In Bremen he would earn $4.75; in other German cities, $3.04. The average earnings in Germany would be $4.21. The average weekly earnings of German blacksmiths are $4; of New York blacksmiths, from $10 to $14.

The average rate of duty charged by our present tariff law is 47 per cent. But the cost of living in this country is not increased by the duty on imported articles. In the first place, our workingmen are not consumers of many imported articles, and in the second place the cost of a domestic product is not increased by the amount of duty collected on the imported article. Let us take a piece of cotton cloth, for example. Suppose the duty on the foreign cloth is 40 per cent. and that the price is twelve cents per yard. With the duty added, the price in New York of the imported cloth would be about seventeen or eighteen cents. If there was not one cotton mill in the country the domestic cloth might sell for the full seventeen or eighteen cents a yard; but there is domestic competition. There are a good many cotton mills in the country, so that the price is lowered by a healthful competition. The tariff simply keeps out goods that are made by foreigners who get very small wages and free importation of whose cloth would break down our mills. This is an illustration of the effects of the tariff. The domestic cotton cloth we have spoken of would not be sold for more than fourteen or fifteen cents.

If 20 per cent. were added to the price of goods bought by the workingmen, as a consequence of the tariff law, it would be a liberal, too liberal, estimate. But what would it show? The difference between the wages paid to German and American bricklayers is $7.79 a week, so that the American receives nearly 200 per cent. more than the German, while he receives nearly 60 per cent. more than the English bricklayer. We take this trade simply because it is the first to come to hand. It does not differ from others. The American mechanic receives from 60 to 200 per cent. more for his work than the European workingman, and he may pay 20 per cent. more for what he wears. As a matter of fact, he pays much less than that. The American workingman is probably willing to continue.

DEMOCRATIC EXTRAVAGANCE.

The Surplus Reduced to $12,000,000 by Reckless Prodigality.

The government income for the current fiscal year, beginning July 1, is estimated at $383,000,000, or $220,000,000 tariff, $130,000,000 internal revenue and the rest miscellaneous. This ought to leave a surplus of $120,000,000. The surplus, less sinking fund, will not be a tenth of this.

The house has primary charge, under the Constitution, both of revenue and expenditure. The senate has not. The house has a good party majority of twelve to sixteen. The senate has bare party majority of but two.

The Democratic party has always talked economy and practiced extravagance. The Republican party in the days of its most complete control never approached the reckless expenditure of the present house. Its Democratic majority has found a short way to deal with the surplus. It has spent it.

The aggregate appropriations made or making are $257,000,000; the permanent appropriations for interest, etc., are $68,000,000; the sinking fund, a good deal of a sham but required by law, is $47,000,000; total, $371,000,000. Take this from the receipts and there is $12,000,000 left.

This is the beggarly total to which the surplus is cut down by Democratic extravagance. Abolish the sinking fund and it would stand at $59,000,000, two-thirds the expected total.

The ready answer is that the house has voted money for future years. How much? Part of the biggest river and harbor bill ever known, a little of the appropriation for guns and ships, in all, stretch it as you will, $12,000,000. Allow for this and the surplus stands at $80,000,000.

A resolution two lines long cutting off the tobacco taxes would dispose of half the surplus at its biggest figure; but the Democratic house will not reduce the surplus save by disordering industry. It will not relieve the farmer unless it can disturb the manufacturer.—Philadelphia Press.

The Admission of Dakota.

The assessors have just completed their work in Dakota and the returns furnish another strong argument in favor of the admission of that territory into the Union as a state. The estimated amount of property is $161,420,974.32. The number of acres of land assessed is 23,882,816, the valuation of which is $91,875,729. The valuation of town and city property is $26,125,555, and that of horses, cattle and sheep about $21,000,000. The increase in the number of churches, schoolhouses and newspapers has kept even pace with this growth in material wealth. And yet according to Democratic theory the 600,000 intelligent inhabitants of Dakota, whose industry and forethought have created this wealth, are not fitted to exercise the rights of American citizens. The election in November will be the verdict the people will pass on this disfranchisement of 150,000 voters for the benefit of the Democratic party.—Philadelphia Press.

Cleveland and the Chinese.

In the last campaign the most bitter and virulent attacks against Blaine in Harper's Weekly, Puck and other Democratic illustrated papers were made under the cover of friendship for the Chinese. Mr. Cleveland was represented as a friend of the Chinese, while Blaine was always pictured as an anti-Chinese. The Chinese themselves were idealized, and only lacked halos to be saints. Does any one suppose these supporters of Cleveland in 1884, who denounced Blaine so fiercely for his hostility to Chinese immigration, have changed their sentiments? Does any one believe that a president elected by such means is hostile to Chinese immigration? Certainly not. There is not a person in California who does not understand the situation perfectly. They know what's what, and they are not going to lose sight of Cleveland's present record because a lot of desperate politicians, driven to their wits' ends, are trying to cloud the issue by calling attention to something that happened years ago.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Harrison and Thurman.

The contrast between Harrison and Thurman before the people is striking to a degree. Thurman says absolutely nothing in his little speeches. Every sentence spoken by Harrison is an argument with a lucid point. This is, perhaps, not altogether due to the age of the judge and the youthful vigor of the general still less to the difference in original intellectual ability. But the one represents principle, protection and Americanism; the other sectionalism, free trade, false pretenses and fraud. How could there be aught else than a striking contrast?—Ohio State Journal.

The Democratic Conscience.

It is somewhat strange that the free traders who only a few weeks ago read Mr. Randall out of the Democratic party because he was a protectionist, are now violently protesting that they are protectionists themselves. There is a serious discrepancy here somewhere. It looks like a case of ossification of the Democratic conscience.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mutual Exchange of Courtesies.

Cleveland's secretary of the treasury has loaned to a lot of favored national banks about $60,000,000 of the government funds, and no interest is charged upon the same. The favor will be reciprocated by the national bank ring making a big donation to the Democratic campaign fund.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the spring and summer trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

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*BEING MORE PLEASANT—To the taste, more acceptable to the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. One bottle will prove its merits.—John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

*No better tonic can be given than Pursell's Compound Elixir of Gentian. It is pleasant to the taste and causes no nausea.

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Ladies', Misses' and Children's

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A splendid assortment of all the latest styles in Ladies'

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Call and examine our stock.

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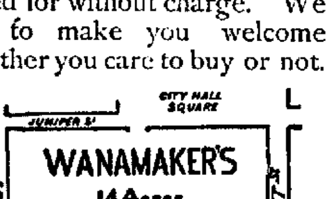

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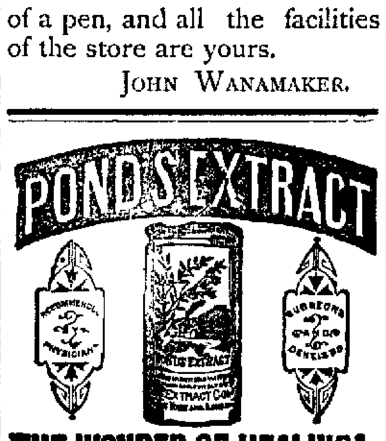

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COING, GOING, GONE.

The Prophesied Democratic Condition at Present Fails to Confront.

The "condition that confronts us" is rapidly disappearing. President Cleveland's pretext for startling the country with his free trade message was the growth of an unmanageable surplus. Instead of being content to pay off the national debt, as Republican presidents had been, he questioned the legality and expediency of purchasing of outstanding bonds, and converted the accumulations in the treasury into a standing menace to prosperity that could only be averted by recourse to free wool and free trade. He declared that there would be a surplus of $140,000,000 July 1 of this year, and that the annual excess of revenues over expenditures would not run short of $60,000,000. This was "the condition," and in order to rescue the country from the fatal embarrassments of its own prosperity he proposed a revision of the tariff as "the vicious, inequitable and illogical source of unnecessary taxation." That revision on the lines presented by him was instantly recognized in England as a movement in the interest of free trade. Several London journals hastened to assure the Democracy that under free trade there never would be any probability of a surplus, large or small. The condition under that theory, it was grandly promised, would no longer confront the country. But even without free trade the Democracy is finding out that the surplus is entirely manageable. A long session of congress alone is required in order to get rid of it.

A more comical situation was never known in American politics than the present plight of the Democratic party respecting the surplus. Last December the president portrayed the country as on the verge of indescribable disaster in consequence of that appalling surplus. Every free trader who addressed the house banked upon the surplus, figuratively speaking, in order to have his drafts upon the credulity of the country liquidated. The surplus has been the pretext for this entire campaign against American industry. Meanwhile, the Democracy has been piling up appropriations until there is said to be an increase of $64,000,000 over those of last year, and the annual surplus of $60,000,000 has dwindled to $12,000,000. Speaker Carlisle and the Democratic leaders are at their wits' end to explain how the Mills bill, if allowed to become a law, can have any other effect than that of creating a large annual deficiency in place of a surplus. It is their own theory that now confronts them.

"The condition which confronts us" having somehow mysteriously disappeared, zealous Democrats have various explanations to offer. The largest and noisiest faction says, "extravagant expenditures have exhausted the surplus, and the existence of a surplus makes extravagant expenditures inevitable; therefore, reduce the surplus." This a confession of incapacity. A Democratic president and congress cannot help being extravagant and wasteful, according to this view of the case, unless restrained by sheer impecuniosity. Starve a Democratic administration, and it may be economical; otherwise, it will waste all the money in sight—that is the argument. There seems to be some foundation for this reasoning.—New York Tribune.

Grover's Little Lamb.

Grover had a little lamb,
Just like the nursery maid;
With English shears he clipped its wool,
And called the lamb "Free Trade."

Said Grove, "Dan, we'll find some day,
When at the lamb we peep,
That in our care it's grown to be
A rousing British sheep."

The lamb got into congress once,
And lost its precious wool;
The Democrats there cut it off,
To please old Johnny Bull.

And when the fall elections came,
Said Grover, "Daniel, dear,
We'll hear now from that little lamb
Which once we loved so dear.

"I wonder if the fleece has grown?
I think not, Dan, don't you?
We clipped it very close, you know
For England told us to."

And while the president still had
His little lamb in mind,
A something like a cyclone struck
Him very hard behind.

Cried Grover, "Daniel, what was that?
I'm all broke up, I am;
Was it a cyclone on the jump?"
"No, Grover, 'twas the lamb."

They bound a red bandanna on
The bruised and bleeding spot;
They tried to whisper words of cheer,
But cheered he would be not.

And when they raised him up to see
His fleece robbed little lamb,
He found that it had grown to be
A big protection ram.

"What made the lamb butt Grover so?"
The children asked at school;
"It was because," the teacher said,
"He robbed it of its wool."

And not a soul in all the land
For Grover then was sad:
Such is the simple story of
The lamb that Grover had.
—T. C. Harbraugh in Ironton, O., Republican.

It Looks Like Inconsistency.

Cleveland should drill his organs to keep tune with his message. In this document he said the manufacturers of America had had their own way long enough, and they ought not feel unwilling now to have their receipts and profits cut down through the operation of the free trade principles he was proposing. Yet here are his organs, like The New York Commercial Advertiser, contending that the practical effect of these same free trade principles would be to benefit our manufacturers, increase their product, enlarge their trade and make them more wealthy than ever before!—Ohio State Journal.

An Ancient Roman Reminiscence.

The speeches delivered by Senator Thurman, on his trip to Port Huron, emphasize what has all along been known by his Columbus friends. The Old Roman is a reminiscence. His dissertations on the tariff are not what might be expected of a politician of his character and reputation. They are deficient in nothing much as argument. People will not be blinded on this question even if the chaff is thrown by Judge Thurman.—Ohio State Journal.

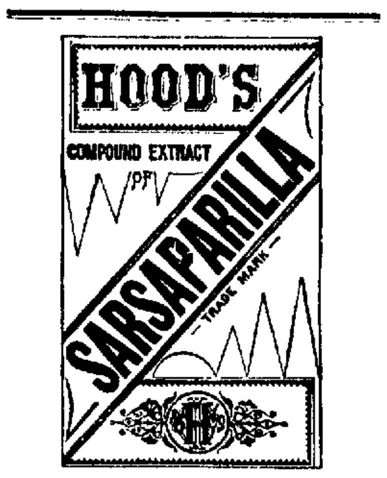
How Figures Are Made to Lie.

The Democratic Harrisburg Patriot illustrates either the ignorance or mendacity of the average Democratic organ in its efforts to mislead the workingmen when it says that "within the past ten years the wages of coal miners and iron workers have decreased 100 per cent." A decrease of 100 per cent. would leave nothing whatever. The statement of the Harrisburg organ, however, is quite as accurate as the most that is said by the Democratic papers in the discussion of economic questions. They make figures to suit their own purposes and it appears to be of small consequence to them how ridiculous they are. There may be some so ignorant as to be deceived, but fortunately the people in general are intelligent enough to know better. The friends of protection and labor could want nothing better than an honest and intelligent discussion of the tariff question, but it is not to be had with those who either do not understand the facts or refuse to recognize them.—Philadelphia Press.

The British Lion Is Discreet.

We do not participate in the apprehensions of those who think John Bull will send a fleet of ironclads to bombard this country because of the senate's rejection of the fisheries "treaty." John does not want to discommode his friend Grover Cleveland, and when Harrison becomes president British bluster will be at such a discount that the lion will roar gently as a sucking dove. In any event, Johnny Bull has too many irons in the fire to wantonly provoke a quarrel with the great republic. If he thinks he hasn't, let him try it on. Six months of such a conflict would see the end, finally and forever, of British domination on the American continent.—Ohio State Journal.

Miscellaneous



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At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

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100 Doses One Dollar

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A first-class calf-skin Gaiter, my own make, $3 Also a full line of John Mundell's Solar Tipped Children's Shoes.

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Dry Goods at Half Price.

Challis, Baptistes, Sateens, Dress Ginghams, Percales, Seersuckers, and everything in Summer Goods marked down to one-half regular prices.

Parasols at a Sacrifice.

COME BEFORE THESE BARGAINS ARE ALL GONE.

REMEMBER EVERYTHING MARKED WAY DOWN AT

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PURE COFFEE AND SPICES,

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SYRUPS AND MOLASSES, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC FRUITS,

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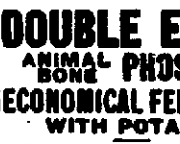

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1888.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

GEN. BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

LEVI P. MORTON, of New York.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS :

At Large—Lewis Pughe..........Lackawanna.
Thomas Dolan..........Philadelphia.

1. John H. Taggart,	15. John H. Grant,
2. John Wanamaker,	16. Wilson C. Kress,
3. Robert P. John,	17. David W. Clark,
4. Wm C. Hamilton,	18. G. W. Hutchinson,
5. John S. McKinley,	19. John C. Lower,
6. Jos. R. T. Coates,	20. Jeremiah K. Miller,
7. William S. Fills,	21. George J. Elliott,
8. Edgar Pinchot,	22. Harry S. Paul,
9. Samuel L. Kurtz,	23. George Shiras, Jr.,
10. Elwood Griest,	24. P. S. Newmyer,
11. William Connell,	25. John W. Wallace,
12. Wm. G. Payne,	26. J. C. Sturtevant,
13. Peter F. Buck,	27. Joseph Thos. Jones,
14. Henry M. Bechtel,	28. L. M. Truxal.

REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,

HON. JAMES T. MITCHELL,
of Philadelphia.

FREE WOOL.

WHY MANUFACTURERS DO NOT WANT IT.

We are permitted to publish the following private letter from Joshua Peirce, manufacturer of cassimeres, etc., to H. K. Love, a prominent Democratic banker of Des Moines, Iowa, which we especially commend to those who labor under the delusion that manufacturers of woolen goods favor the importation of foreign wools into this country free of duty :

Livingston Mill, Bristol, Pa., Sept. 1, '88.

Mr. H. K. Love, Des Moines, Iowa,

Dear Sir:—In reply to your query, "Would not free wool help the manufacturer?" I answer: If the duty on manufactured goods remained as at present, and all other conditions unchanged, it would.

It is, however, proposed by the Mills bill, and every other scheme of reduction suggested by the tariff reformers to remove the protective duty from goods exactly to the extent of that taken off of wool.

All manufacturing is at present conducted on such close margin of profit, and in such extensive and costly plants that it is absolutely essential that the utmost amount of product shall be procured from every machine employed, for every minute in the year, any diminution thereof necessarily increasing the cost of that produced.

It is equally essential that the product shall find a prompt and ample market, otherwise goods must be carried at a cost of interest and be sold later at a loss because of changing styles.

Hence it is desirable for the manufacturer that such conditions shall exist as will secure to each individual the largest ability to buy and consume goods. This can be done only by the constant employment of the whole people at good wages. The effect of free wool would be not only the entire destruction of the domestic clip by the competition of Australia and South America, and, consequently the non-employment of all labor now engaged in its production, but, as shown by Mr. Robert Middleton, of the Globe Mills, at Utica: "The displacement of fully one-third of the labor now employed in woolen mills, being engaged in wool sorting, washing, scouring dyeing, picking, carding and combing," for the reason that after all these processes are applied to wool it would still be admitted under the classification of wool, and consequently, free of duty, hence all these processes would be done abroad at the lower rate of wages. It will be readily seen that the withdrawal from this country of such large avenues of employment would tend to lessen the rate of wages and purchasing capacity of the laboring population. The effect of free wool would not, however stop here. The wool grower, even though he be an extensive farmer with but a small flock of sheep, is notoriously more solicitous about the price of his wool than of any other product, and the removal of the protective duty from it would quickly elicit from every ranchman and agriculturist west of Pittsburg, as a retaliatory measure, a demand for the removal of all protective duties. Thus free wool would become the entering wedge for a general system of free trade and the surrender of our home markets to the producers of the world. This is probably the method of reasoning of our free trade advocates in Congress and the end sought by them.

Competition in manufacturers with those of the world means either the destruction of our industries or a reorganization of the basis of cost to meet that of our competitors, which must, necessarily, include all items entering into it, such as cost of plant and rate of interest as well as that of wages. The first two will come as a natural sequence, but our work people, accustomed to comforts of living such as are not thought of by the same class anywhere outside of this country, and which can only be obtained through the high rate of wages (any statement to the contrary is mere political claptrap) will not accept the changed conditions without a struggle.

Any effort to reduce wages in industrial establishments would result in an entire stoppage of work only to be resumed under the stress of starvation.

Meanwhile the debtor class of employers will have become hopelessly bankrupt by the shrinkage of values and loss entailed by the interruption of business.

The resumption of business on a wage basis sufficiently reduced to make it possible, will place the workingman upon the plane of scanty subsistance of his foreign co-laborer. His purchasing capacity for anything but the most meagre necessaries of life is destroyed, and with it the home market for the manufacturers' products. This is why free wool will not help the manufacturer.

It will, however, be equally disastrous to the farmer.

Ninety-two per cent. of all farm products are consumed at home, only eight per cent. exported. Of the home consumption very much the larger part is with the working classes who now consume of the best of everything. Under the new conditions, with wages down to the figure ruling prior to 1860, their food and other articles of consumption will have to be as then, only of the coarsest and cheapest kinds.

The capitalist who invests in houses for rental will find his revenues reduced, as the houses will be too large and costly for the means of the tenant. He who lends his money on securities will find them impaired in value, and the rates cut down because of the lessened demand for money for active business. The workingman who is the unfortunate owner of a house half paid for will relinquish it to the holder of the mortgage, and general distress must reign until affairs are adjusted on the new basis or a reaction of public sentiment has restored to the country that policy which has thus far secured plenty and prosperity to all the inhabitants thereof.

It is probably true that the tariff needs reforming, but it should be done at the hands of its friends who have devoted their lives to a study of it in all its bearings, and not be intrusted to a set of political demagogues who have no knowledge whatever of the interests to be served, and no acquaintance with the relations of employer and employed except that of master and slave, accustomed to rule by the crack of the slave drivers' lash, and to avenge the slightest provocation with the pistol. Such men are not the proper ones to legislate for the government of a great industrial community.

We do need tariff reform. We need it in the restoration of the duties existing prior to the reduction of 1883. Nothing else will save us from disaster.

Very truly yours,
Joshua Peirce.

CHEAP LABOR AS A COMPETITOR.

Labor enhances the value of whatever it touches. The cost of labor incorporated in an article regulates its market worth. The less a thing costs to make the, lower may be its price. If the labor that produces it is paid for at a high rate, its cost will necessarily be increased as a consequence. If a manufacturer of shirts can employ women to make them at twelve cents apiece, the man who buys them pays a low price. But is it good for the poor laboring woman whose toil is thereby so meanly recompensed? A garment may be surprisingly cheap, implying that the labor which fashioned it is so poorly rewarded as to suggest that it must be painfully cheap. The nearer the approach of wages to the starvation point, the nearer to a cipher will be the figure representing the price of the article produced. When this figure is marvelously low, we may rest assured that at the other end of the bargain there is a dreary struggle for existence.

The same line of thought has its applications in all directions. A cheap production voucles for a cheap producer. Cheap work certifies to cheap workmen. Low-priced labor has a continual conflict with poverty, and ever goes hand in hand with cruel hardship. Toil under-paid is a fruitful source of harrowing conditions, and no more pitiable object can be named than the hopeless, helpless prisoner of poverty.

Free trade dotes upon cheap labor. Wherever the latter prevails there it personates the despot. It enforces its tyrannical law like an iron-willed master that abolishes all sympathy, and dire necessity whips every toiler into allegiance to its merciless rule. What chance has well-paid labor by the side of that which is poorly paid? What opportunity has the man who aspires after compensation worthy of his toil, where every place is taken by a low-priced competitor? What would become of the prevailing rate of wages in this country, if the bars should be let down and the penury-stamped labor of free trade England should be admitted exempt from duty?

Speakers of the Thurman type know not their own foolishness when they lament the inability of the workingmen of the United States to purchase English-made clothing at its original cost. One might suppose that the bandanna end of the Democratic ticket was kept busy wiping away sad tears, because the poor American is shorn of the joy of wearing British clothing. Inasmuch as the American laborers are not hungering and thirsting after English clothes, they are not conscious of suffering any inconvenience without them. Observation teaches us that our own people are generally content to wear clothes made in our own country. The tens of thousands among our countrymen who are engaged directly or indirectly in the tailoring business, would have a sorry experience if there was no barrier to the free importation of British clothing as a protection to their industry. The same may be said of American workmen in manifold branches of production. Cheap labor abroad coming into active and unfettered competition with the labor of this country, cannot fail to reduce it to a common level. Give one a free chance to compete with the other, and our laborers may bid farewell to their accustomed wages. All the plausible Democratic logic, all cunning sophistry of tongue or pen, all the ingenious tricks of speech that puzzle dull brains, are powerless to blot out this simple but momentous fact. Let the laboring man keep his mind steadily fixed on this one point, and not bother his thoughts about the perplexing knots in the tariff's endless web.

—Vermont follows the wake of Oregon in giving largely increased Republican majorities this year. The issue in Vermont was the protection principle pure and simple. Vermont is a sheep-raising and wool-growing state. Her farmers take pride in producing the finest qualities of wool. No where else in the United States is so much attention paid to the raising of the highest grade of merino sheep. Single bucks have, in numerous instances, been sold for $1000 and upwards. In some instances as high as $5000 have been paid. Vermont, consequently, is strongly opposed to free wool, as her people well know that the admission of foreign wools free of duty would strike a heavy blow at its chief source of prosperity. The vote in Vermont shows which way the tide is turning in the East, as the vote of Oregon did in the West. It indicates that protection to American products and American industries will carry the day in November next in the contest against free trade.

—Maine votes next Monday. Maine is considerably interested in the lumber business, her immense forests being a source of great revenue. Maine, therefore, can be presumed to be decidedly opposed to the Democratic proposition to admit lumber into this country free of custom's duty. We can catch the drift of how the men of Maine feel on the subject by the way they vote next Monday. Meanwhile we can afford to wait with considerable complacency, feeling sure that the Republican doctrine of protection finds a firm lodgement in the hearts of the sturdy men of Maine.

—"The Republicans are now back to their old standard of Republican majority," says the Philadelphia Times this morning in speaking of the Vermont election. If it was no better than that the Republicans would be well content, but the truth is that the majority of between 26,000 and 29,000 is the largest ever given for Governor in the State in any Presidential year since the Republican party was organized. There is no logic that can belittle that interesting and gratifying fact.

—The State election came off in Arkansas on Tuesday. Immense gains were made for the Democratic State ticket. Taking this as a forerunner of what may be expected from the South, the Democratic ticket next November will be very popular in the Southern States. Republicans will have to count on a solid South. Happily they do not have to depend upon the contingency of its being otherwise. New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana are the battle fields where the issue between Protection and Free Trade will be fought. These states are all strongly interested in the upholding and strengthening of the protective principle, and upon the decision of their voters depends the question for the whole country.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Council meets next Monday evening.

—The Catholic school opened last Monday.

—Rev. W. L. Kolb has returned from Cape May.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Jones has returned from Beach Haven.

—Services will be resumed at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

—Miss Jennie Peck, of Philadelphia, is visiting Miss Sallie Hawke.

—Mrs. Martha Kirk, an old resident of Bristol, died last Friday.

—Mrs. Edward Leedom and Mrs Jonathan Thomas are at Atlantic City.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fenimore and family have returned from Barnegat City.

—Miss Emma Mitchell, of Germantown, is the guest of Miss Carrie Nesbit.

—Mrs. H. L. Gaw, Jr, died at her residence on the Neshaminy last Friday.

—A new addition has been built to the Bristol Foundry, to be used as an office.

—The new rooms of the Republican Club on Mill street are about ready for occupancy.

—Miss Daisy Slack leaves to-day for Spring Lake. She will be the guest of Miss Mary Swain.

—It is just as well to remember that autumn does not begin, according to the astronomers, until the 21st of this month.

—The Young Men's Republican Club will hold a meeting in Evans' Hall this evening. The Club is in a prosperous condition.

—William M. Large, who, a number of years ago was the editor of the Doylestown Intelligencer, paid Bristol a visit one day last week.

—Albert Switzer, brother of Mrs. Wm. C. Peirce, who has been spending summer here, gone to Kansas City, to make that place his future home.

—The members of the Bristol W. C. T. U. intend holding a musical and literary entertainment at Riverview Hall, about the 21st of this month.

—Nathan Tyler has returned from a pleasant visit to his old home at Haddam, Conn. He comes back as strong a Republican as ever.

—Bristol Division, No. 107, Sons of Temperance, propose holding a fair the latter part of this month in Blackwood's Hall. It will continue for about a week.

—Mrs. Charles McMackin, nee Jeanne Drake, who has been spending the summer with her parents in Bristol, returned last Monday to her home in Salem, Ill.

—George Opdyke, a prominent citizen of Tullytown, died last Friday of cancer of the larynx. He was buried in the Episcopal graveyard at Bristol on Tuesday.

—The Bristol Co-operative Store, on Dorrance street proved to be an unprofitable venture and has closed its doors. The fixtures, etc., will be disposed of at public sale.

—Mrs. James Wright, who has for several months been visiting friends in Chicago, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Dakota, returned home last Monday evening, much pleased with her trip.

—Mr. Thomas McLees had his two bakeries in Bristol and one in Morrisville closed by the Sheriff last Monday. The Mill street bakery will be re-opened next week by his son and daughter.

—At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. yesterday afternoon the resignation of Mrs. Joshua Peirce, as President of the Union, was accepted. Mrs. Dr. E. J. Groom, the Vice President, will occupy the position until the annual election takes place.

—The Moore & Vivian Comedy Company will produce "Our Jonathan" at the Bristol Opera House next Monday. It is spoken of very favorably by the press as a play full of fun. The songs and dances of Miss Vivian are said to be especially pleasing.

—Rev. J. W. Lee, formerly rector of St. James Church, of this place, has had charge of a parish near Jacksonville, Florida, for some time. Upon the outbreak of the yellow fever there, he immediately gave up his clerical duties and went into the hospital as a nurse.

—An Italian named Francesco Caparelo, a resident of Bristol, was instantly killed on the railroad bridge at Schenck's station last Monday. He stepped out of the way of a passenger train to the track on which a freight was coming. The deceased was about 30 years of age and was buried in the Bristol Cemetery.

—Mrs. Paytress, of Jacksonville, Florida, formerly Miss Mary Brouse, of Bristol, Pa., has had the yellow fever, but has fully recovered. She is now at Atlanta, Georgia. C. Duane Joyce met her there, and was informed by her that the fever was in Jacksonville for two months before the authorities revealed the fact to the outside world.

—Manager Wright has made many improvements at the opera house this season, by the adding of a new drop curtain, fresh stage settings, etc. The stage management is now under the able control of "Pop" Highland, who is augmented by the efficient services of Scene Shifter Frank Johnson and Property Man Joseph Schenck. Stage matters now act with clock-work precision.

—A large audience greeted Miss Louise Arnot and her excellent company at the Opera House last night, on which occasion the comedy-drama "49" was very satisfactorily rendered. Miss Arnot, as "Carrots," was particularly attractive. This evening "Queen's Evidence" will be given. The company will give performances here every evening during the week, and also a matinee on Saturday.

—Mrs. Frances L. Swift, president of the W. C. T. U. of Pennsylvania, denies that it has taken action in favor of the third or any other party, and in proof of this quotes an extract from her address at the late State convention, which says: "In such a large body of workers as we have grown to be there must of necessity be great diversity of view as to methods of work. We cannot all think alike; perhaps it is well that we do not, if we can always remember to practice the 'charity that suffereth long and is kind;' but that no root of bitterness may spring up to trouble us,' I am more and more strongly convinced that our work should not include those questions of political parties which invariably cause contention and difference. We are the allies of temperence men and measures wherever or in whatever parties they may be found. The end and aim of our work is to educate the public mind to temperance sentiment. We must make no compromise with evil, but we recognize the fact that if, as an organization, we give our influence to one particular party we antagonize good temperance men and women who are attached to other parties, and to whom we must allow the same honesty of conviction as possesses our own minds."

*Moffat's Life Pills, Page's Climax Salve, and Moffat's Phœnix Bitters, form a complete Family Medicine Chest. For sale by Druggists everywhere.

AT THE SEA SIDE.

No-fret Cottage, Noyes' Beach,
Westerly, R. I., August 27, 1888.

Editor Gazette:—The late storm, which made such havoc in some parts of the country, has had a most beneficent effect upon summer resorts along the coast. It has transformed the borders of the ocean into a vast theatre, to which hundreds of strangers have hurried as to an extensively advertised show. The hotels at Watch Hill have been beseiged by eager and enthusiastic travelers, and large parties from even so far as Springfield and Boston have hurried to Noyes' Beach to see the breakers. It was a marvelous sight, and as I write, the waves have not abated. To attempt any description, either of the storm or aftermath, would be the height of puerility. Suffice it to say that No fret Cottage rocked and clattered, and at one time it seemed as if its very foundations were threatened; but the morning light showed it taut and prim, and not even a clapboard or a water spout loosened, by its conflict with the elements. The back kitchen of the "Hussock," the mansion occupied by Hon. John A. Taylor, ex-Corporation Counsel, of Brooklyn, took a waltz with old Boreas, but this part of the "Hussock" is over one hundred and twenty-five years old, and consequently a little weak and foolish about accepting invitations to dance. The main building, however, only a hundred years old, behaved like a dignified dame, and resisted all entreaties to be frisky.

Watch Hill has had another excitement this week, added to that of the storm, by the report of the arrival of Marie VanZant at one of the hotels. This was incorrect, the person in question being a Milwaukee girl who closely resembles this famous singer. Miss Van Zant will, however, sing in America next year. It is related of this peerless vocalist that when she was attacked by the disease—paralysis of the lower limbs—which threatened not only to put an end to her career, but to her life, the doctors in attendance were very serious in manner, and non-committal in speech. At one time, when Mrs. Van Zandt, quite worn out with watching and anxiety, seemed about to give up, her daughter remarked, "The fact is, mamma, I have got to do most of this cure myself. I am determined to recover. I shall help the doctors a great deal, and you can help them also." From that hour the invalid commenced to improve. I throw this sop to the believers in mental healing, all the more willingly because I am sometimes constrained to disagree with them; and will add that if the human will can overcome paralysis, it can accomplish almost anything.

The Type Writer Tournament, for the world's championship, which occurred recently at Toronto, is more talked of at present than even base ball or polo. Had it taken place in winter, even tobogganing would have been relegated to a secondary position in the public interest. The first prize was won by Miss M. E. Orr, of New York; the second, by Mr. F. E. Gurrin, of Salt Lake, official court stenographer. Both were Remington operators. In the ten minutes' work, Miss Orr wrote 987 words, an average of 99 words per minute; Mr. McGurrin, an average of 95 words per minute. Miss Orr was perfectly composed when she took her seat, and so continued until the last word was written. The Caligraph operators were said to be very skillful, but the large key-board of the Caligraph, which is double the size of the Remington, and requires a constant shifting of the arm, seriously handicapped the operators. Mr. McGurrin's manipulation of the Remington key-board was most artistic. Miss Orr thinks the limit of speed has not yet been reached.

The women of France, who have always been conservative in politics, save perhaps in revolutions, and who have submitted with becoming meekness to the commands of their lords and masters, have now so shocked these long-time rulers that it is doubtful if they will ever quite recover. By means of hard and secret work, the women of this republic have prevailed upon the highest court to declare that a man having promised marriage to a woman, is obliged to indemnify her pecuniarily in the event of his refusing to keep his promise. Too much misery has been caused by the fickleness and brutality of Frenchmen in this respect; and the moral, or rather, the immoral, sense of the community, has given them such unlimited freedom that it is scarcely to be wondered at that they are now appalled, and very naturally fear other restrictions from the women, who once were their slaves.

It is related of Mrs. Stoddard, author of "Two Men," published by Cassell & Co., and now making such a sensation, that while writing this clever novel, she read a few chapters to a friend. "Oh, dear me," the listener exclaimed, "you will never get anybody to read that. It is too much like life." But "Two Men" was read in spite of this prophecy, though it was not then so popular as now. The lovers of clear, healthy dramatic literature, are certainly indebted to those enterprising publishers for their revival of a charming work.

The recent severe storm has taught travelers between New York and Boston still another lesson, or rather, emphasized the old one, viz., that the Stonington Line is the safest and surest, after all. The boats on this route were only an hour or two behind time, while the other lines, that are compelled to double Point Judith, were from eight to ten hours late. The cuisine on the Stonington and Narragansett equals that of any hotel, fish always fresh and beautifully broiled, and every delicacy provided that the most exacting gourmand could desire. Travel on this line has been greater this season than at any time in its history.

To the many kind readers who have written me appreciatively in regard to my new book "Periodicals that Pay Contributors," I beg to return my most earnest thanks. I am glad it is found as useful as I felt that it would be. Another edition is now in press.

Eleanor Kirk.

—The Democratic opponents of the re-election of Hon. Robert M. Yardley to Congress from the Seventh District are urging against him that he refused to vote for free wool when he had an opportunity in the Mills bill. This is all they have to say against Mr. Yardley's return, it appears. The more stress is laid upon this point the more votes Yardley will get, for the voters of the District know that free wool means Free Trade, and they have have no sympathy with that doctrine. The intelligent farmers and workingmen of Bucks and Montgomery are Protectionists, and they will cordially endorse Mr. Yardley because he is against free wool, Free Trade, low wages, and ruinous prices for farm products.—Norristown Herald.

*Get rid of that tired feeling as quick as possible. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives strength, a good appetite, and health.

Skepticism.

By reason of the state of chronic incredulity in which many men pass their lives they miss half the good of this world. They seem to think that doubt and unbelief are proofs of wisdom, and through fear of being deceived reject much that is true and good. To such minds the statement that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a real and proven cure for all diseases caused by torpid liver, bad blood or scrofulous humors carries with it its own condemnation. They do not believe it, apparently, because we say so; and yet what more, or less, than this can we do? We know the facts, and if we did not make public the great value of this remedy few would profit by it. We try to do our duty in the matter and it remains for the doubter who needs help to overcome his prejudice and give it a trial.

$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

*An Elegant Substitute—For oils, salts, pills, and all kinds of bitter, nauseous medicines is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs Recommended by leading Physicians. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol.

*Pursell's Fever and Ague Mixture is an excellent remedy for malaria.

FREE TRADE.

Editor Gazette:—During the past several years I have been a constant reader of the Philadelphia Record and have often been struck with the display of ignorance manifested by some so-called Englishmen in reference to the glorious advantages derived from free trade in that wonderously free (?) country. One writer in a last week's issue even asserted that the wages paid for labor in England were superior to those paid here, after taking into consideration the cost of living, etc. The wonder to me is that some of these over-taxed Englishmen don't return and reap a share of the great benefits derived from free trade. Another correspondent a few weeks ago inferred that the reason why so many Englishmen voted for protection in this country was that they naturally wanted to help the land of their birth, and 'ome interests, and this the Record was pleased to style a "logical inference."

Now, Mr. Editor, I don't see how a protective tariff, sufficiently high to prevent the importation of articles of foreign manufacture, can benefit England, neither do I think that Englishmen, as a rule, are unpatriotic in the land of their adoption. I am inclined to think that the logic of the Record's correspondent is very much like many other free trade arguments—very thin.

Now, sir, I have made it my business, since coming to this country seven years ago to find out why Englishmen, generally, vote for protection, and during those seven years I have asked scores of my countrymen the question and the answer has invariably been the same: that they find it to their interest to uphold the principle that will keep out of competition those articles of manufacture, the labor for which they only received half as much pay in England as they are now getting here.

An Englishman in this country is better able to judge of the relative merits of protection and free trade than many native Americans, especially the past generation, because he has had experience under both systems, and it is just this experience that lands him on the side of protection.

I can remember very vividly when time after time the wages in my father's business (knit goods) were reduced. The cry was "we are compelled to do it, because we cannot compete with German and French goods," and only within the past two years this industry, in England, has suffered a reduction of 25 per cent. on account of foreign importations. Is it any wonder that an Englishman votes for protection? I rejoice in the fact that my countrymen have judgment enough to think correctly on this subject, and that they are patriotic enough to vote for a principle which makes their home on this side of the water more dear to them than their 'ome on the other side.

J. W. L.

Bristol, Sept. 4, 1888.

*Some Foolish People—Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial size free. At all Druggists.'

*Its Delicacy of Flavor—And the efficacy of its action have rendered the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, immensely popular. It cleanses and tones up the clogged and feverish System, and dispels Headaches, Colds, and Fevers. John K. Young agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

*Hay Fever.—I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. Covert & Cheever, Druggists, suggested Ely's Cream Balm. I used it during a severe attack. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints.—(Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wis.

*Strictly pure Cream Tartar, 50 cents a pound, at Dr. Pursell's Drug Store.

Syrup of Figs—Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to Cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Headaches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. John K. Young, agent, 55 Bath street, Bristol, Pa.

*Pursell's Vermifuge is safe, pleasant and effectual.

*Dr. Theel, Philadelphias renowned Specialist for nervous debility, blood poisons, kidney and special diseases has cured more cases than all others combined. He has cured cases pronounced incurable by leading physicians. We would advise those suffering to consult him personally or by letter at his office, 538 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Use Pursell's Porous Plasters.

Miscellaneous

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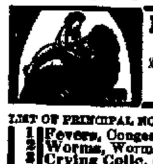

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HOMEOPATHIC

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11	Suppressed or Painful Periods....	.25
12	Whites, too Profuse Periods....	.25
13	Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains....	.25
16	Fever and Ague, Chills, Malaria....	.50
17	Piles, Blind or Bleeding....	.50
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs....	.50
24	General Debility, Physical Weakness	.50
27	Kidney Disease....	.50
28	Nervous Debility....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed....	.50
32	Diseases of the Heart, Palpitation..	1.00

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 109 Fulton St. N.Y.

Stradling & Guyon,
GENERAL HOUSE PAINTERS,
—AND—
Hard Wood Finishers,
Washington street, next School House, Bristol

Amusements

Bristol Opera House.

Return of the Universal Favorite,

LOUISE ARNOT!

and her Excellent Company in the following brilliant Repertoire:

On Thursday, September 6th.
Queen's Evidence

ON FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7th.
Leah, the Forsaken.

In the title role of which Miss Arnot is without a peer.

On Saturday September 8th.
The Danites!

Miss Arnot in the duel role of Nancy Williams and Billy Piper.

Prices to suit everybody.

10 20 and 30 Cts.

No extra charge for reserved seats. For sale at the Bristol news agency.

Bristol Opera House.

MONDAY, SEPT. 10th.

5th Grand Laughing Tour 5th

Of the celebrated Favorite Comedians,

Moore & Vivian,

Supported by the little electric light,

Miss Bella Vivian.

and a company of

First Class Artists,

LOOK OUT FOR THE GRANDEST STREET PARADE EVER WITNESSED.

Admission at usual prices. Reserved seats to be had at Jones News Agency, Mill Street.

The distinguished Actress and Charming Vocalist,

MISS SALLIE HINTON

Will appear at the
BRISTOL OPERA HOUSE,
Under the auspices of Post 73, G. A. R.
4 Nights and Saturday Matinee,

Wednesday, Sept. 12—
Fanchon.
Thursday, Sept. 13—
Pride of the Market.
Friday, Sept. 14—
Mad Cap.
Saturday, Sept. 15—
Little Barefoot.
Saturday Matinee—
Sunshine.

Admission, 15 and 25 Cts. Reserved Seats, 35c.

Matinee Prices—Adults, 25c. School Children, 10c.

THE GREAT

Mount Holly Fair,

OCTOBER 8, 9, 10, 11, 12.

$20,000

IN PREMIUMS FOR EVERYTHING IN

Art and Agriculture.
TROTTING, RUNNING,
—AND—
Pawnee Bill's Wild West.

Send for Premium Books. Sent free to any address.

HENRY I. BUDD, Corresponding Sec'y.

R. BUSEMAN,
BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY
AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.
Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

THE MISSES CABEEN
WILL RE-OPEN THEIR SCHOOL
Wednesday, September 19, 1888.

JOHN NIMON,
DEALER IN FINE
Groceries Provisions, Fruit & Vegetables,
FRESH DAILY.
My Teas and Coffees are the Best.
COR. RADCLIFFE & WALNUT STS.

A. Weir Gilkeson

—HAS—

REMOVED

HIS OFFICE to the room formerly occupied by the Post Office, next door to his late office.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846.

W. & T. SMITH, Geneva, N. Y.

Friends' Graded Schools,
Fifteenth and Race Streets, Philadelphia,
KINDERGARTEN, PRIMARY,
INTERMEDIATE, or GRAMMAR,
CENTRAL, or HIGH SCHOOL.

BRANCHES: 15th and Race Streets,
17th and Girard Avenue,
38th and Lancaster Avenue and
4th and Green Streets.

Will Re-open Ninth Month 10th, 1888.

Legal Advertisements

Notice of Application for Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Bucks County: Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the said court, on Tuesday, the Second day of October, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., under the "Corporation Act of one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four" and the supplements thereto, by George W. Sipler, George H. Stroup, Charles Roe, Lewis P. Townsend, and John H. Bunting, for the charter of an intended Corporation to be called the Cornwells Methodist Episcopal Church, the character and object of which is the support of public worship according to the faith, doctrine, discipline and usages of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said act and its supplements.

A. WEIR GILKESON, Solicitor.

An Ordinance

TO ESTABLISH THE GRADE OF THE WESTERLY SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET, AND TO CURB AND PAVE THE SIDEWALKS AND TO FIX AND PAVE THE GUTTERS UPON SAID SIDE OF WASHINGTON STREET.

The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville do ordain that after the passage of this ordinance the grade of the curb on the westerly side of Washington street shall be as follows:

Section 1st. Commencing on the northwest corner of Washington and Moreau streets, crossing Moreau street to southwest curb corner on a level, thence falling 4 inches to 100 feet for the distance of 400 feet, thence falling for the distance of [illegible] feet [illegible] inches to intersect with a gutter on northwest corner of Green and Washington street. Thence falling four inches to the 100 feet the distance of 500 feet; thence falling 20 inches and 21-100 of an inch to the 100 feet, the distance of two hundred and thirty feet, more or less, to the south rail of the Pennsylvania Railroad track.

Section 2d. The sidewalks on the westerly side of Washington street shall be curbed with stone not less than four inches thick and sixteen inches deep, and shall be paved with flagging or brick, not less than six feet and six inches from the street line outwards towards the curb, and shall have a falling grade of one half inch to the foot from said street line. The gutters shall be eight inches deep from the top of the curb, and shall be paved not less than thirty inches in width, and shall be done with a brick placed edgeways or a flat gutter stone not less than twelve inches in width next to the curb, and the rest with cobble stone not less than four inches in diameter. And all curbing and paving shall be done to the satisfaction of the Street committee.

Section 3d. All owners of property on the westerly side of the aforesaid Washington street are hereby required to pave and curb the sidewalks and pave the gutters in front of and along their premises in accordance with the foregoing section of this ordinance, the same to be done at the option of each property owner or when the present pavement is worn out.

Section 4th. If any owner or owners of property on the said westerly side of Washington street shall neglect or refuse to comply with the provisions of this ordinance, it shall be the duty of the Street committee to proceed to have the sidewalks and gutters in front of and along the premises of the property owner or owners so neglecting or refusing curbed and paved according to the provisions of this ordinance. And the said Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Morrisville will therefore proceed to collect the cost thereof, with twenty per cent. advance thereon, according to the provisions of the Act of Assembly in such cases made and provided.

Section 5th. All ordinances or parts of ordinances in any way or manner conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Enacted into an ordinance at the Council Chamber in the Borough of Morrisville this ninth day of August, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

W. G. HOWELL, President of Council.

Approved this Ninth day of August, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-eight.

W. G. HOWELL,
Burgess of Morrisville Borough.

Attest:—Isaac Parsons, Secretary.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of BENJAMIN LANTELL, late of Bristol borough, Bucks county, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

W. A. LANTELL,
G. W. LANTELL, Executors.
Bristol, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of NATHAN HARKNESS, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

JEMIMA HARKESS, Administratx.
or B. F. Gilkeson, her att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of GEO. S. SILBERT, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

Letters testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

MARY JANE SILBERT, Executrix,
Or B. F. Gilkeson, her Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of BENJAMIN LOUDERBOUGH, deceased, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

GEO. W. LOUDERBOUGH, Executor,
or A. Weir Gilkeson, his att'y.

ESTATE NOTICE.

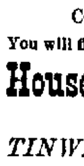
Estate of THOMAS BOOTH, late of Falls township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

WILLIAM WISE, Administrator,
Fallsington, Pa.

Dr. Adams,
Dentist,
No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.
Nitrous Oxide and Sulphuric Ether Always on Hand.
FILLING A SPECIALTY.
☞Out of office on Second Day (Monday.)

Sherman & Peirce,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, &c.
Specialties made of
HOT-BED SASH, BERRY BOXES AND ENGRAVING BOARDS.
Dorrance Street, near Railroad
Jos. Sherman. Wm. C. Peirce



AFFLICTED & UNFORTUNATES

[illegible]

To the Citizens of Bristol—
HAVING OPENED A
Stove & Tin Store,
COR. MILL AND POND STS.,
You will find there all kinds of
House Furnishing Goods,
—INCLUDING—
TINWARE of all kinds,
Dairy-ware, Agate-ware.
Tin Roofing and Spouting
Promptly attended to, and executed in the neatest manner, with the best materials.
Plumbing and Gas Pipe Fitting
In all its branches. All kinds of repair work, pertaining to Heaters, Stoves, Wash Paves, Tin-ware, etc., attended to.
Water and Steam Pipes repaired.
Milk Cans made to order.
Estimates cheerfully furnished to contractors,
at
LIPPINCOTT'S.

FOR SALE!
A RARE CHANCE.
2500 Acres of Farming and Grazing Lands in Hardy and Grant Co's., W. Va., in lots of 200 acres and upwards to suit purchasers. Price per acre ($15 to $35) fifteen to thirty-five dollars. Title perfect. Address
E. W. McNEILL,
Oil Fields, Hardy Co., W. Va.

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,
I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.
Canal St., bet. Washington & Dorrance,
Bristol, Pa.

Special Notices

Buyers. Persons desiring goods of any kind purchased in Philadelphia or New York can have orders promptly filled by applying to C. V. TITUS, 144 Radcliffe Street.
☞Samples on hand.

For Sale. House and Lot on Buckley Street. Will be sold at public sale, on Saturday, September 8th, on the premises, the house and lot on Buckley street belonging to the estate of Thomas Buggie, deceased.
FANNY BUGGIE.

Boy Wanted To learn the printing business, about 15 years of age; one of intelligence, who has had a common school education. Apply at this Office.

For Rent. Store and Dwelling corner of Pond and Washington streets. Inquire of A. WEIR GILKESON, Bristol, Pa.

For Sale. Store Wagon, good as new. Inquire of
J. M. McCRACKEN,
Cor. Pond and Washington sts., Bristol, Pa.

John Ballerjeau is still at the old stand, No. 205 North Third street, Philadelphia, curing Malaria. If you feel miserable, yawn, shiver, have pain in the limbs, lose all ambition to do anything, have no appetite, are just dwindling away, these Powders will save you.

For Sale Two three-story houses seven rooms each on Linden street, new, well built convenient and cheap, easy terms. Apply to
F. P. CRICHTON, 80 Mill street.

Miscellaneous

LADIES!
Do your own Dyeing, at Home, with
Peerless Dyes.
They will Dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package—40 colors. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or Non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut. For sale by SERRILL DOUGLASS, druggist.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,
No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,
Has always on hand a large stock of first-class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nicke, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line. Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY

All orders by mail will receive promp attention.

RE-OPENING!

We have re-opened at the Corner of Washington and Wood Streets, where we shall be pleased to see our friends and patrons, and where a fresh stock of

Dry Goods,
Notions,
Shoes,

For Ladies, Youths, and Gentlemen, can be had

Cheap for Cash.
J. R. BAKER.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE
FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

READ

THIS!

Upper Lehigh
—AND—
Lattimer

COAL

Of all sizes and best qualities.

Now is the Time to Buy your Winter Coal.

Dry Kindling Wood,

HARD AND SOFT.

$2.00 Cart-load.

C. W. PEIRCE,
Cor. Washington and Canal streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
☞Near the Rolling Mill.

WILLIAM GRACE'S
New York Wall Paper Store.
A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.

ALBERT F. YEUTTER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
Radcliffe street near Market,
BRISTOL, PA.

A well selected stock of piece goods on hand which will be made up to suit customers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MUTABILITY.

From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail;
A musical but melancholy chime,
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,
Nor avarice, nor over anxious care
Truth fails not; but her outward forms that bear
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,
That in the morning whitened hill and plain,
And is no more: drop like the tower sublime
Of yesterday, which royally did wear
His crown of weeds but could not e'en sustain
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,
Or the unimaginable touch of time.
—Wordsworth.

A PECULIAR BUGGY.

One day half a dozen years ago I was coming down on a train from Winnipeg, in the queen's dominions, to Dakota. It was a freight train of forty or fifty empty box cars with a red caboose on the back end for the few passengers. The engineer was a wild, reckless fellow, who had, I think, been drinking, and sometimes he spurted the train up to between nine and ten miles per hour. The time table called for only six, but this dare devil made it average fully seven. He didn't altogether forget those things which were behind and press forward, however, because once between siding No. 46 and Big Portage he happened to drop his pipe out of his mouth while he had his head out of the cab window and actually stopped and backed that long train for fully three-quarters of a mile looking for it. The conductor and brakemen hung off the steps of the caboose and helped in the search. I put my head out of the caboose window and looked too, picturing a great white meerschaum pipe lying on the ground like a block of sea foam, with just a rich autumn amber tint on the bowl. When the conductor picked it up I noticed that it was clay and had a stem two inches long. The engineer when he took it admitted it wasn't worth much, but he said it was one that Billy Higgins, of Q'Appelle, had given him, and he didn't want to lose it. He started to tell how Billy had happened to make him the present, but the conductor said that he had promised his wife to be home early that night and reckoned we had better shack along. So the engineer went forward and we shacked.

I went back and climbed up into the "pilot house" of the caboose where I had secured a seat by bribing one of the brakemen with a noxious cigar. This gave a fine view of the country. You could see fifteen miles to any of the thirty-two points of the compass—perhaps further. The country was as flat as a congressional debate. It was in the valley of the Red River of the North. A long lank man with thin hair and hollow cheeks came and climbed up in the cupola with me and helped me abuse the scenery. He had a wandering eye and abstracted air and said he had been up to Winnipeg to sell some real estate and was now, as he expressed it, on his way back to God's country. Most of the various articles of clothing he wore were too large for him, though some were too small. He indulged in great bites of dark, forbidding looking tobacco and had a solemn, half dejected expression.

"Colonel," he said, with an inflection which told that he addressed every man he met by that title, "Colonel, what shall we do to pass away the time? I never play keerds with strangers on a train," he added with, it seemed to me, unnecessary haste.

I didn't know of anything to do, except abuse the country.

"I know what," he went on; "let's each one of us tell a story."

"All right," I replied.

"It's a go then," he said; "what's your story 'bout?"

"My story is about a man," I replied unblushingly, "who owned a cow that had only one horn, and that wasn't much of a horn, you know. It's mostly about the cow," I added desperately, wondering what I could possibly tell about a cow that had only one horn and that not really all a horn should be.

"Sounds first rate," he replied. "But two dollars 'n' a half it 'll be a thundering good story. Mine is only jess 'bout a feller that took his girl to a shindig—jess a scrub ev'ry day story. Blaze away with your cow yarn."

"Couldn't think of it, sir, couldn't think of it for a moment. You go ahead first—I want to hear all about the feller who took his girl to the shindig."

"Well," he replied slowly, and I thought he looked even more solemn than before, "all right—I'll do it—though I'm somewhat anxious to know about that cow. Which horn was it that was gone? No matter, though; I'll know when you tell it. The fellow I was speaking of came down to a little town where I useter live, in Minnesota, and started a newspaper. It was an awful weak paper, and he was a cussed fool. He was little, and had red eyes, and went around with his head up like a balky cow with a board over her face, and he didn't know nothing anyhow. He didn't know how to run a live newspaper. I built a new hen house—one that jess made the hens open their mouths and cackle when they seen it—but he never said a word about it in his paper. He didn't seem to have the ability to discuss public questions like this at all.

"Well, one night there was a shindig out of town about a mile, at Old Man Plummer's place. It was a big un—they had three fiddlers and the organ they borrowed from the Methodist church. Of course this 'ere Charlie Riggles—that was his name—this 'ere editor—of course Charlie must go. He couldn't see a hen house, but he could a shindig. He blowed about it in his paper beforehand, too, and called it a hop, which predjerdiced some agin it, too, if he had only knowed it. Well, he went out some six or seven miles on Gopher perairie, and got Old Hoss Perkins' darter to take to this hop, as he called it. She wan't no caller, sickly specimen—she could precerate the good p'ints of a hen house as fur as she could see it. They got to the old man's 'bout dark, jess as the head fiddler was turning up.

"Well, the night wore on, which remark I once read, and everything was all O. K. The dancin' was kep' up lively an' ev'rybody had a good time. Charlie, the feller I'm a talkin' 'bout, brought the girl to the blow out in one o' these 'ere one hoss buggies that has powerful small wheels in front an' powerful big uns behind. Well, 'long 'bout midnight, mebby a little past, when it was dark as a string o' black cats, 'bout twelve, or mebby some past, I don't know exactly, some o' the boys went out to this 'ere buggy, kinder, an' sorter walked around it, an' hefted it, an' talked a little, an' said it looked like rain, an' sized up the buggy, an' by an' by sorter somehow changed the wheels on the blamed thing—put the behind ones for'ard an' the for'ard ones behind, you see. The boys done it, you know, for sort of a joke, I reckon. Mebby they wanted to see if a man what couldn't see a henhouse would catch onto a buggy with its front r'ared up 'n the air like a treadmill. It made a powerful funny lookin' buggy of it—'peared to be built some like a bufferlo—high in front an' low behind. I never seen such a high shouldered buggy before nor since. It looked 'sif it had its for'ard feet up'n the manger reachin' over into the oat bin.

"Well, the night wore some more, till 1 o'clock, when Charlie, this 'ere youth what thought he could run a paper, said he guessed they'd better go home. So he hitched up, an' Old Hoss' darter put on her dry goods—her wraps an' fixin's—an' went out an' got in the buggy with Charlie. Still dark's the inside of a cow—no moon for a month, an' the stars all clouded under. 'There's something wrong with this 'ere buggy,' says Old Hoss' girl. 'No, nuthin the matter,' says Charlie, 'we're jess goin' up hill, that's all,' an' then they both leaned for'ard to keep from fallin' over back'ards.

"The girl still thought there was somethin' out o' whack with the conveyance, an' said she allowed she'd have to tie a flatiron to her feet to keep from goin' out behind. 'Don't git accited,' says Charlie, "we'se jess goin' up old Dad Hawkins' hill.' So they kep' naggin' along, naggin' along, slow like, an' Charlie let the hoss stop an' rest ev'ry little ways, 'cause he said it must be powerful hard work to draw up such a steep hill. So they kep' pokin' 'long, pokin' 'long, an' Charlie 'lowed to git out an' walk if the hill got much steeper. So they leaned for'ards, an' part o' the time hung on to the dashboard with their hands if they did strike a little hill, an' kep' snailin' 'long, snailin' 'long. A good deal of the time they stopped to let the hoss catch his breath, it bein' such a powerful long hill, an' then they'd sit there quiet as a pot o' paint, an' think. By an' by the girl begun to git spunky. 'I've traveled this 'ere road before,' she said, 'an' I never seen no such monstrous hill.' 'Oh, that's all right; that's all right,' says Charlie, 'we're now goin' up old Pap Neil's hill.' 'But where is the holler between old Dad Hawkins' hill an' old Pap Neil's hill?' says Jule—her name was Jule. 'I 'low as how the road com missioners must a' filled it up an' made one long hill,' says Charlie. So they leaned for'ards an' kep' moseyin' 'long slow, an' lettin' the hoss rest so he wouldn't be all tired out when they got to the top of the hill, an' still it was dark as the inside of a infidel. Mebby half a hour they didn't say nothin', an' then says Charlie: 'Jule,' says he, 'this does 'pear to be a somewhat lengthy hill—seems 'sif some atmospheric inflooence must 'a' lengthened it out.' That's what he said, atmospheric inflooence. They poked a couple o' miles furder, all the time easy on the hoss. Then says Jule: 'We must be on the wrong road,' says she. 'You can't fool me, Mr. Riggles.' 'Mebbe we be,' says Charlie, 'I reckon we might bear off to the right.' So they jagged off to the right, an' went a mile, still up hill. Then they jagged to the left, still hilly. Then they jagged in all directions, and perty soon, after goin' straight up a long, steep hill for two miles, they turned squar' 'round an' started back, but they still had to hang on to the dash board to keep from fallin' out behind. 'Well, smitten Cæsar!' yelled Charlie, 'if this ain't the blamedest country I ever got into!' an' then he hit the old hoss a welt with the end of the lines. 'I reckon we'll git out o' this somehow, if we kill a hoss!' An' then they went tearin' round on that perairie with the hoss on the dead run and Charlie a-yellin', 'Sufferin' Washington!' howls Charlie, 'it's all hill, no matter where we go, but I'll git out of it or bust!' Then he swung the lines some more an' Jule hung onto the dashboard an' had the histories. They kep' a goin' for pertty near a hour, Charlie gittin' madder 'n' madder an' Jule more historical. 'Bout then it begun to git a little light, an' Charlie happened to look at the wheels. There to each side of him, as he hung onto the dashboard, them hind wheels was a-loomin' up, each like the fly wheel on a saw mill engine. Then he stopped the hoss an' wilted. Jule seen the wheels, too, but she didn't wilt. 'We'll kinder keep this thing quiet,' says Charlie; 'we won't mention it to nobody—mum's the word.' 'Yes, we will,' says Jule a risin' up an' climbin' out; 'yes, we'll keep it quiet, you low down, deceitful man. We'll hush it up, we will—perhaps! Haul me all over the perairie in such a lookin' thing, will you, an' tell me we're goin' up hill! Good-by, sir, our paths kinder sep'rate an' lay apart at this p'int!' an' she struck off acrost the country ten miles for home, an' left Charlie a-thinkin', not loud but deep. He didn't know how to fix the wheels, of course, so he came into town with them as they was in 'bout two hours, still thinkin' quiet, but powerful deep down. I thought mebby he might see my henhouse when he drove along down my street, but he didn't."—Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.

Solving the Cheap Food Problem.

Five cent meals have been often dreamed of, but one that could be eaten has never been known, in this country at least. Everybody knows that there is enough good meat wasted in Chicago every year to feed all the people that so often go hungry, but the trouble is to use it. When we called attention to the high prices prevailing the butchers at once replied that the trouble was everybody wanted porterhouse steaks and none would use the other pieces that were perfectly good, but not so easily cooked.

But H. M. Kinsley, the well known restaurant man, thinks he sees a way in which he can benefit himself and some poor people at the same time. Such beef as he uses in his restaurant costs 22 cents a pound. An entire carcass costs 8½ cents a pound all through. Buying by the carcass instead of by the loin he figures that he can save the steaks and roasts for the restaurants, and then, with good cooking, make the rest of the meat palatable, and thus sell wholesome food to the poor at a nominal cost.

His scheme is to establish a large kitchen in the poorer district of the city, and he says he can furnish good soup and bread enough for four for 20 cents, and can feed a family of six for half a dollar. Nothing but the best of material is to be used, nothing that is left over from other meals, but simply meat that is not served in the restaurant. "The scheme is not a charitable one," said Mr. Kinsley; "it is wholly and purely a business proposition, but if at the same time I can furnish good, cheap food to poor people, food that is fit for their children to eat, such as much that they now use is not, I think I will be doing a good thing at the same time. Such a place I will have running by winter."—Chicago Herald.

Causing Baldness by Inoculation.

Baldness is curable to a far greater extent than we are aware. Notice, however, what takes place in many cases of loss of hair on the scalp by eczema or eruptions. Inflammation produces or is followed by formation of pus at the root of the hair, which can then be pulled out or drops out of itself. If cured soon the follicle grows new hair, but repeated inflammations and pustules destroy the life of the follicle, the nerves do not affect it, or its capillaries feed it, and it shrinks, drying up, causing permanent loss of hair.

A very curious experiment was tried by an eminent physician in Europe, who caused baldness by inoculation. He took the hair combed from the head of a man threatened with baldness, cutting it very fine and mixing it into the skin of healthy guinea pigs and rabbits having a full growth of hair. In the third week the hair fell from the poor pigs and rabbits—the scales scraped from their backs and the falling hair were transferred to other healthy animals, who in the second week of the operation became quite bald. The same physician then mixed three parts of vaseline with one of rancid olive oil and rubbed it daily into the back of a full grown rabbit with an excellent growth of hair. Early in the second week a loss of hair was noticed, and the sixteenth day baldness ensued. This is related by no less an authority than Ziemsen, professor of chemical medicine at Munich.

The same inflammation at the roots of the hair may be caused by irritating applications which alter the nutrition of the tissues of the skin, causing fluid to collect under the cuticle and swelling of the oil glands at root of the hair. Croton oil, tartar emetic ointment, oil of turpentine or turpentine ointment, salves of mezereum, white and black hellebore, with other witch like herbs, cause this irritation and pustules, resulting in loss of hair. These deadly poisons, whose use by any one but a physician is dangerous, are applied in eczema of the scalp a dozen times in succession, in the most cases curing the eruption at cost of losing the hair.—Shirley Dare.

The Distinctively American Hand.

There is a distinctively American hand, just as distinctive as those of the Ethiopian, the Chinaman, the German or the Hindoo. In his curious work, La Science de la Main, D'Arpentigny quotes the strange description of "Le Yankee," contained in Michel Chevalier's Lettres sur l'Amerique du Nord (of which a translation was published in Boston in 1839) and concludes: "In a nation such as this there cannot exist any but hands which are spatulate and fingers which are square."

He was partly right and partly wrong. The American type of hand has this significance: The size of the hand indicates a capacity for synthesis combined with analysis, a capacity to seize the meaning of an entire subject, and analyze its details with equal rapidity; the palm gives sensuality and love of pleasure, the consistency gives great mental activity and love of exercise when other people are taking it; in a word, a love of the display of physical energy, which we do not ourselves practice. The thumb denotes an equal amount of will power and common sense, neither overriding the other. The fingers again show a love of pleasure and luxury, combined with intense order, regularity and arrangement, and a spirit of impulsive calculation (if I may be allowed the paradox), a tendency to act promptly on an impulse and analyze the cause and effects of one's actions afterward, so as to make one's action, however hasty, inure to one's own good. Dominating the entire character is a keen intuition, and a good natured spirit of criticism, shown by the long pointed or conic tips with the short, round nails.—America.

Johann Most says that there are 500,000 Socialists in the United States.

A DAY IN VENICE.

A TRAVELER'S GLIMPSE OF ITS DREAMY AND IDYLLIC LIFE.

A Visit to St. Mark's Church—Drifting in a Gondola Down the Grand Canal—A Moonlight Scene—Music, Dark Eyed Maidens and Flowers.

I am soon down stairs for a simple breakfast of coffee, rolls and omelet, and out on my way to the Piazza. As I pass over the Ponte della Paglia, the gondoliers are cleaning their boats and polishing the brass mountings and iron prows till they glisten in the sun like refined gold and silver. In the Piazza all is life, and yet that dreamy sort of life make Venice so idyllic; the shops are all open, and the cafes serving to natives and tourists the morning meal. The windows in the arcade flash out their brilliant setting of jewelry, gems, lovely Venetian glass, rare curios and stuffs from the east, like a priceless girdle around this matchless square of San Marco.

Of course, my first duty and pleasure, as it is my noonday and closing one, is to enter St. Mark's church; to wander about within the aisles and arches; to sit for an hour in some secluded corner, and contemplate its marvelous architecture of piers, of vaults, of domes; its almost inconceivable riches of alabaster, of marbles, of porphyry, bronzes, gold, silver, statuary and mosaics; to drink it all in, and fill the soul with calm and satisfying delight, and to return again and again and again day by day to the same feast, more like a dream than a reality.

From the Piazetta at the Molo a gondola takes me along the grand canal to visit the manufactories of mosaics, glass, furniture and delightful Venetian iron work. Noontime comes all too soon, and so leaving my gondolier at the Rialto, with the admonition to be at the Molo at 4 o'clock, I pass down through the Merceria and make my way on to the Piazza, stopping at one of the little shops in a side calle to get a horn of corn for the pigeons; others are before me, for the bell on the Torre dell' Orologio has struck the noon hour, and around the square many are engaged in the same charming occupation. I stop beside a young country woman within one of the arches, who has a score of these beautiful birds on her person, one, two, three, on top of each other, all pushing, pecking and cooing for the bright, golden grain which she holds in her dainty outstretched hands, and the happy smile on her fair face attests to the pure enjoyment she is having.

A group of little ones, sitting on the pavement, around the base of one of the bronze pedestals to the flagstaffs, with the birds all about them, in their laps, on their hands, is another pretty sight, till some one on the other side of the piazza coos to the birds. The pigeons simultaneously, from all directions, rise and go swooping and swirring down upon it en masse as it falls to the pavement.

After lunch, or dejeuner, visits to the ducal palace, the churches and academia fills up the time till 3 p. m., when I return to St. Mark's to listen to the chanting of the choir. And what a chorus it is. Never before have I heard such sacred music; the strong, clear voices of the young mingle with the deep tremor of the aged fathers; the grandly toned organ peals forth its stirring accompaniment in delightful harmony. I rest upon the marble seat within the shadow of the south aisle, and the music seems to come from far away; it swells up among the arches and domes and comes down in mellowed and subdued reflections, and dies away in a gentle and lingering echo which seems to love and caress the very air it pulsates.

Leaving St Mark's, I find my gondolier punctual at the appointed time, and we start out for our daily drift up the Grand canal as far as the station and back again, which occupies two hours, or till dinner time. I call it drifting, for that comes nearest to expressing the silent, almost motionless gliding of this most fascinating of conveyances. The gondolier uses his oar, it is true, but the action is so graceful, the exertion apparently so easy, the progress so dreamy and slow that it seems to be simply drifting, as if carried along by some unseen current. Never before have I known what loafing, par excellence, ideal rest—from all physical and mental activity—meant; the cushions are soft as down, my gondolier a most entertaining fellow, my cigarette the finest Alexandria, the afternoon simply perfect, the Grand canal a wonderland, all quiet and still, with not a sound save the distant warning cry of some gondolier at the entrance of a side canal; and as I lie back and throw aside my hat and let the refreshing breeze play through my hair, I am content.

Dinner being over, I once more direct my steps to the Piazza. The lamps are all aglow, and, if possible, the square is more enchanting by night than by day. Standing just to the right of the archway opening to the Merceria, one gets the finest view of the scene. The moon is midway up the eastern sky, just above St. Mark's, her mellow light dimming the lamps of the Piazza; the majestic Campanile is outlined in sharp silhouette, its angel crowned spire seeming to reach up and lose itself amid the shining stars; it casts a full dark shadow the full length of the Piazza in strong contrast to the whiteness of the moon lit pavement.

The shops are all ablaze; diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls, corals, gold and Genoese work flash back the fire from a thousand lights. The Arcade is full of surging humanity; the tables at the entrances to the cafes and out on the pavement are surrounded by almost every nationality, sipping coffee and granita. The band stationed in the center of the square gives to the scene the added charm of fine music. Dark eyed Venetian maidens smile at one through a maze of soft black lace, mysteriously wound about their heads, half concealing, half revealing their beautiful faces. Flower girls laden with baskets or trays of exotics find ready sales, for the custom is universal; and Rosa, the fairest of them all, so deftly and coquettishly fixes a boutonniere in your lapel that one hasn't the heart to refuse the few sous anyway.

What a scene! One never to be forgotten, and as I write, the memory of it makes the time seem a thousand years till I am fortunate enough to be once more in Venice. Well might Jacopo Foscari beg of his implacable judges to allow him to return to die in Venice!—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Ice Hills of the Arctics.

Advices from the fishing village of Kerschkaranza, in the Kola Peninsula, on the White sea, describe a wonderful phenomenon new in Arctic annals, which took place on Jan. 5 last. At 4 o'clock in the morning the inhabitants were awakened by a series of heavy, dull detonations like distant artillery. Shortly afterward a great ice wall to the northwest, several hundred feet high, was seen to be moving toward the village, doubtless in consequence of the pressure of ocean ice outside. The ice hills came slowly but irresistibly onward and passed over the village, which they completely erased, and kept onward for a mile inland. The ice traveled a mile and a half in four hours. The villagers saved their lives, but little else.—Home Journal.

Chemically Pure Gold.

"Is that pure gold?" asked a pretty girl who was selecting a brooch in a Sixth avenue jewelry store. "Most certainly," answered the jeweler, and the satisfied damsel bought the pin and departed. Turning to resume a conversation with an older customer, he noticed a look of mild scorn directed at him and said, half apologetically: "Of course that was not strictly true, but it was no lie. What she meant to ask was whether it was real gold, and not an imitation, and I answered her meaning truthfully, though I never saw any pure gold in my life that I know of. It has always been supposed until recently that chemically pure gold was something that could not be produced, but some jeweler in Rhode Island is said to have discovered a process by which he does produce it, and it is now on the market.

"I do not see that it is a particularly valuable discovery, for gold without alloy would be as little durable as lead, or even less so. It is very soft and would easily wear away with very slight friction. As a matter of business, gold eighteen carats fine is as near as we ordinarily get to pureness. That is three parts of gold to one of alloy. If less alloy than that is used the gold is less serviceable, but we do sometimes use it twenty-two carats fine."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

THE WOOL INDUSTRY.

Unavoidable Effect of Removal of the Duty—Some Figures.

A careful estimate places the number of wool growers in the United States at about 700,000, and fully 500,000 men are employed by them to assist in caring for their flocks and doing other farm labor. A majority of these flock masters, as well as their employed help, are heads of families; therefore, if you add to their number their wives, children and other dependents, you will have a population of at least 4,000,000 persons more or less interested in the growing of wool; or about one-fifteenth of the entire population of the United States. There are no doubt fully 150,000 other farmers who keep a small number of sheep, but these could not be fairly classed as growers of wool.

These 700,000 farmers will average to own or possess at least 160 acres of land each—making a total of 112,000,000 acres—devoting the more desirable parts of their farms to the raising of grain, hay, etc. (a good share of which is required for the feeding of their horses, cattle, hogs and sheep during the winter season), and selecting the poor, rough and hilly portions for the pasturing of their sheep, thus putting to profitable use their entire farms.

The number of sheep in the United States is now estimated at 50,000,000 head, and the crop of wool at about 350,000,000 pounds, worth on the average of last year's prices about twenty-two cents, making the total value of the wool crop of the country $77,000,000.

There are sold annually for export and home consumption from 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 sheep for their mutton, bringing on the average about $3 per head, making the total value of wool and mutton sold each season about $122,000,000.

If you remove the duty from wool and so make the growing of it an unprofitable business, it would render almost valueless the portions of these farms devoted to sheep raising, and thereby would decrease the average price of the whole farm at least $2.50 an acre, making a loss from this source alone of $280,000,000.

Sheep would also decrease in value fully 50 cents per head, making another shrinkage of $25,000,000.

Wool would decline from 7 to 8 cents per pound from the average price of the last fifteen years—adding another loss of $25,000,000, and the farmers would be so impoverished by the low prices obtainable for their wool that out of actual necessity they would be compelled to reduce the wages of these 500,000 persons employed to assist in the caring of their flocks and the doing of other farm labor to the extent of at least 15 cents per day or about $50 per year, making a still further loss of $25,000,000 from this source alone.

Now, for the sake of reducing our revenue between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000, we must virtually impoverish one-fifteenth of the entire population of the United States, and so force this large body of people to follow a business that will yield them no profit, and compel them to raise wool in competition with all the poor and poverty stricken nations on the earth, where land and labor are fully one-half less than in this country, and in doing this we inflict upon this most honorable and respected American industry the following losses:

Shrinkage in the value of	lands	……	$280,000,000
" " "	labor	……	25,000,000
" " "	flocks	……	25,000,000
" " "	wools	……	25,000,000
Total loss to the wool industry		.	$355,000,000

If wool be placed on the free list, our woolen manufacturers will obtain their raw material $25,000,000 less than they now do under protection. Will the people of the United States get the full benefit of this sum in the cheapening of their woolen goods? We think not; but at least one-half of this amount will go to the manufacturers and merchants in the way of increased profits, and this small sum of $25,000,000 is all the saving which the manufacturers and people can possibly make to offset the enormous shrinkage enumerated above.

We are now growing in the United States nearly a full supply of the finer sorts of wool, and only require to import on an average about 15,000,000 pounds to give us a full supply. Continue protection for a few years and we shall raise all the finer wool we require, and a large part of our carpet wools.

The importation of worsted goods at the present low and unjust rate of duty has inflicted a very serious loss on manufacturers of this class of goods, and stopped their mills and increased the importation of these goods enormously since 1883. This should be corrected, and worsted should be made to pay the same duty as woolens.

The admission of ring, thread, roving and slubbing waste under a duty of 10 cents per pound has caused a most serious loss to the owners of wools, for every pound of this so called waste takes the place of a pound of fine scoured wool, and the extensive use of it is the principal cause of the large quantity of territory, California and Texas wool now remaining unsold on the markets. It should have a duty laid upon it the same as scoured wool (which it virtually is) of 30 cents per pound.

These two great companion industries, the growing of wool and the manufacture of woolen goods, are inseparable and should be protected equally; the manufacturer to the extent of the difference in the cost of manufacturing in Europe as compared with that of America, and the wool growers to the extent of the difference in the cost of raising wool in half civilized countries and that of raising it in the United States, where land, labor and living are so much higher.

Competent judges claim that the estimates of loss given above might be increased one hundred million dollars without exaggerating the facts.

The production of American wool and of American wool manufactures, under protection, has since 1859 increased faster than our population, and has been steadily supplanting foreign wools and foreign goods, the only exception—carpet wools—being chiefly wools not grown in the United States, and admitted under low duties.

The reports of the United States bureau of statistics completely refute the claim of Premier Mills that this country cannot produce the wool required for its manufactures, or manufacture the woolen goods needed for its people.

They also demonstrate beyond question the powerful influence of our protective policy on the development of our wool and woolen industries, and they indicate clearly the disasters which would follow the overthrow of this policy.—Washington Post.

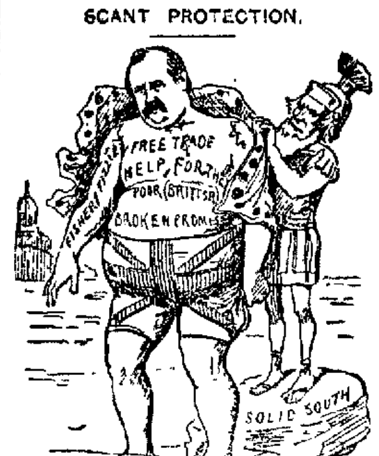
John Bull Would Greet Him.

Now if Mr. Cleveland would only go to Great Britain he might receive just such an ovation on landing there as Mr. Blaine received when he got home.—New York Press.

Boring an Artesian Well.

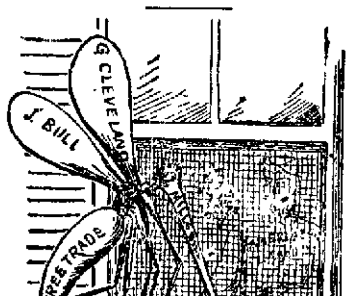
The mechanical operation of boring a well is exceedingly difficult, and many of the failures to obtain artesian water in tested districts are undoubtedly due to the carelessness or ignorance of the well borers, or to the inefficiency of their tools. The American apparatus, most of it patented and manufactured by various firms, seems to combine strength and utility to a greater degree than the European machinery described in text books. A complete well boring outfit can be had for from $400 to $600; and sometimes farmers club together, buy an outfit, and work it themselves, though it is always best to employ a trained well borer. The danger of breaking tools, of dropping something in the bore, or of checking the descent of the pipe, so that a smaller bore must be adopted, are dangers that only great skill can avoid. Wells that start out bravely with a bore of fifteen inches in diameter, often fail to strike water with more than a six or eight inch bore. The flow at the top is of course diminished correspondingly. A well of uniform size throughout, piped with a tight casing, so that the ascending water does not escape into the surface strata, will deliver the maximum amount possible.—Charles H. Shinn in Overland Monthly.

SCANT PROTECTION.



Ring Master Thurman—It's no use, Mr. Cleveland; the bandanna won't begin to cover the brands.—Time.

"OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT!"


G. CLEVELAND
J. BULL
FREE TRADE
USE HARRISON & MORTON PROTECTION SCREEN

"What's the matter with the Harrison and Morton musquito netting?"—Time.

AN OHIO OUTRAGE.

Democratic Postmasters Stuffing Mail Packages with Campaign Literature.

In our experience as newspaper publishers we have not known of a greater outrage than is now being practiced by Ohio postmasters in the rural towns and villages. The postal laws are very stringent in their provisions, and for violations of the law there are severe penalties. Newspapers are mailed at pound rates, but publishers are prohibited from including anything that does not properly belong to the paper. We are not even permitted to send circulars relating to teh publication of the papers. We may send specimen copies of the paper at pound rates, but that is all. In the face of this law Democratic postmasters at offices of delivery have opened our paper and stuffed it with Democratic campaign documents, and thus delivered it to subscribers, creating the impression, of course, that the document was sent from The Commercial Gazette office. The same liberty has, no doubt, been taken with other publications, but in our case we have the proof. What the postoffice authorities will do in the case we do not know. If we undertake to violate the law as it has been violated in this case, we know what would be and should be done. The authorities are not in ignorance upon this subject. They know what has been done, and it remains to be seen whether they will punish the guilty officials. Meantime we warn our subscribers to be on their guard, and ask them to throw the fraudulent documents in the face of offending postmasters. It should be understood that no document of the kind can be legally included in any newspaper sent through the mails—that it is a violation of law to send anything in a newspaper except the paper itself, unless the postage is paid at transient rates.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

"Amoosin'" Ways of the Free Trade "Cuss"

An Omaha Democratic newspaper, in commenting on the increase in price of anthracite coal, says "the tariff is a truly blessed institution for the coal baron." That paper, of course, supposes that there is a duty imposed on anthracite coal. A few months ago a college professor—a free trader, of course—thought that a large share of the surplus might be abolished by putting tea and coffee on the free list, when every intelligent person in the country knows that they have been on the free list for many years past. Mr. Mills declares that he represents "the largest wool growing state in the Union," when the fact is that he does not belong to the California delegation at all, and never did, but is from the Ninth congressional district of Texas. It is these little evidences of imbecility which make the free trader, to use one of Artemus Ward's phrases, such an "amoosin' cuss."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Had Not Long to Wait.

"Daniel?"

"Well, sire."

"Shall I denounce free trade in my letter?"

"I fear that the people will denounce you as an a—for a changeable executive if you do."

"Ah, me! I wish it were over!" groaned Sire Grover, as he vetoed a pension bill.

"It will be in November," sighed Daniel, but so low that his voice was lost in the rumble of Sire Grover's pen across the pension bill.—New Brunswick, N. J., Fredonian.

Turn the Rascals Out.

What is the matter with the mail service? In May there were 29,519 errors in the distribution of letters, 278 lost packages, 131 missent pouches and forty lost pouches. There is no telling how much these mistakes damaged the citizens who lost their mail.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Constitution knows well what is the matter. When the Democratic "reform" party went into power the affairs of the postoffice department were well and wisely administered.—Exchange.

Solid for Harrison.

This year there will be no Mugwump organization in Connecticut. The free traders have gone over to the Democracy permanently, but a majority of the Mugwumps will undoubtedly vote for Harrison. There is not a sign of divisions in the Republican ranks, and the party will work with more energy and unity than it has since 1880. The state is largely a manufacturing one, and many of its industrial interests would be seriously crippled if any such measure as the Mills bill should become a law.—Philadelphia Press.

The Difference.

When President Arthur was confronted by a river and harbor bill of an objectionable character he vetoed it like an honest and courageous man, whereas President Cleveland, when put to a similar test, evaded the responsibility and let the bill become a law without his signature, because its extravagance was mainly in the interest of Democratic localities.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Campaign in Missouri.

The activity of the Republicans and the great number of clubs which are being formed is an encouraging feature of the canvass in this state. If the Republicans take advantage of their opportunities they will take Missouri out of the solid south this year.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Novel Electrical Phenomena.

A California paper says that a party who ascended Mount Lassen recently became electrified, the hair of their heads standing straight out and sparks of electricity flying from the ends of their noses and fingers. The phenomenon was occasioned by an electrical storm.—Chicago Herald.

Miscellaneous

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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A FAMILY BLESSING FOR 25 CENTS.

Its action upon the system is unlike any other external remedy, as it never drives the disease to the Internal Organs. Its properties go to the diseased part, and separate all the poisonous and corrupt humors, through the perspiring vessels to the surface, and eliminates the disease from the system. We warrant it to cure Old Sores, Ulcers, Scrofula Sores, Salt Rheum, Sore Breasts or Nipples, Inflamed Eyes, Swollen Glands, Erysipelas, Boils, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Fistula, Piles, Corns, Bunions, Chilblains, Frosted Feet, and all cutaneous diseases on man and beast.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE acts like magic on horse flesh, curing Scratches, Mange, Old Sores, Fresh Cuts, Snake Bites, Bruises, Burns, Saddle and Harness Galls, Chafes, etc. It is put up in boxes three times larger than any other Salve, and sold at the low price of twenty five cents per box. It is warranted to cure in every case or money refunded. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS.
THE GREAT STOMACH AND LIVER REMEDY.

Established by one of our most eminent physicians and recommended by the medical profession and druggists who know their real merit, and are used with more pleasing results than any other medicine.

Moffat's Life Pills are purely vegetable. They act on the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, purify and regulate the whole system, and are warranted a certain cure for all Malarious Diseases, Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Bilious Complaints, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Nervous and Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases, Female obstructions and General weakness, Scurvy, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Piles of every kind, Gravel and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys, Colds and Fever and Ague.

MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS are elegantly Sugar coated and easy to take and are a perfect after dinner Pill, one taken after dinner each day will aid digestion and cure all disorders of the Stomach. Headache and Sick Headache cannot exist if these Pills are used. For costiveness take one Pill at bedtime.

MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS

Are not a drink used for intoxication, but a pure medicine and only used by people who are sick. They correct the secretions of the stomach and are a sure cure for Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Debility, Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, etc. Thousands of certificates are in possession of the proprietor, giving perfect cures effected by these invaluable medicines and we warrant that they will do just what we have said or money will be refunded. It is simply asked that the afflicted will try them once their use will convince the most skeptical.

PAGE'S CLIMAX SALVE, 25c. a Box. MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS, 25c a Box. MOFFAT'S PHOENIX BITTERS, $1.00 a Bottle. For Sale by Druggists and Dealers in medicine everywhere, or sent by mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

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Miscellaneous

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. Ella A. Goff, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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CURES DISEASED KIDNEYS.
When it is taken into consideration that Gin is the only spirit possessing a medicinal quality other than a stimulant, a pure article is required.

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is a pure Geneva (Swiss) Gin, redistilled with selected buchu leaves, fresh Italian juniper berries, gentian root, &c. It will be found an invaluable remedy and certain cure for Bright's Disease, Stone in Bladder, and all Inflammation of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs.

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